

# THE MISSILE

MAY

NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FORTY-ONE



PETERSBURG HIGH SCHOOL

PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA

# THE MISSILE P

Vol. XXX

PETERSBURG, VA., MAY, 1941

No. 2

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Petersburg, Virginia.

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# *"The Missile"*

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# *On Graduation*

## I

By Peggy Winfield

To graduate! that goal I now obtain  
As one with hope begins in easy stride  
To run a race; I found that care applied  
Would make each passing mile mean final gain.  
I faced the hurdles high, and to attain  
Those lofty heights my strength was often tried.  
I reached the homeward stretch, no zeal denied;  
I've gained the finish; only joys remain.

I ask what meaning this, to graduate?  
There is a greater race for me to run;  
I must press on; I will not hesitate,  
Since now, though hard to learn, I've just begun.  
And be my place a lowly one or great  
I ask that God may find my race well done.

## II

By Bob Winfield

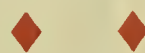
With joy we face the ending road today,  
Look back and think how it was all begun,  
How speedily the days have onward run,  
And how the many years to our dismay  
Have formed and silently have passed away.  
There have been work and many hours of fun,  
With days of grey and days so filled with sun;  
They tug our hearts and strongly bid us stay.

To linger longer, though, we would not dare.  
There's need in this dark world today for us  
To face a challenge that was ne'er so rare  
With privilege and chance to serve; and thus  
The road for which our eager feet prepare,  
Though dark, by faith is made less treacherous.





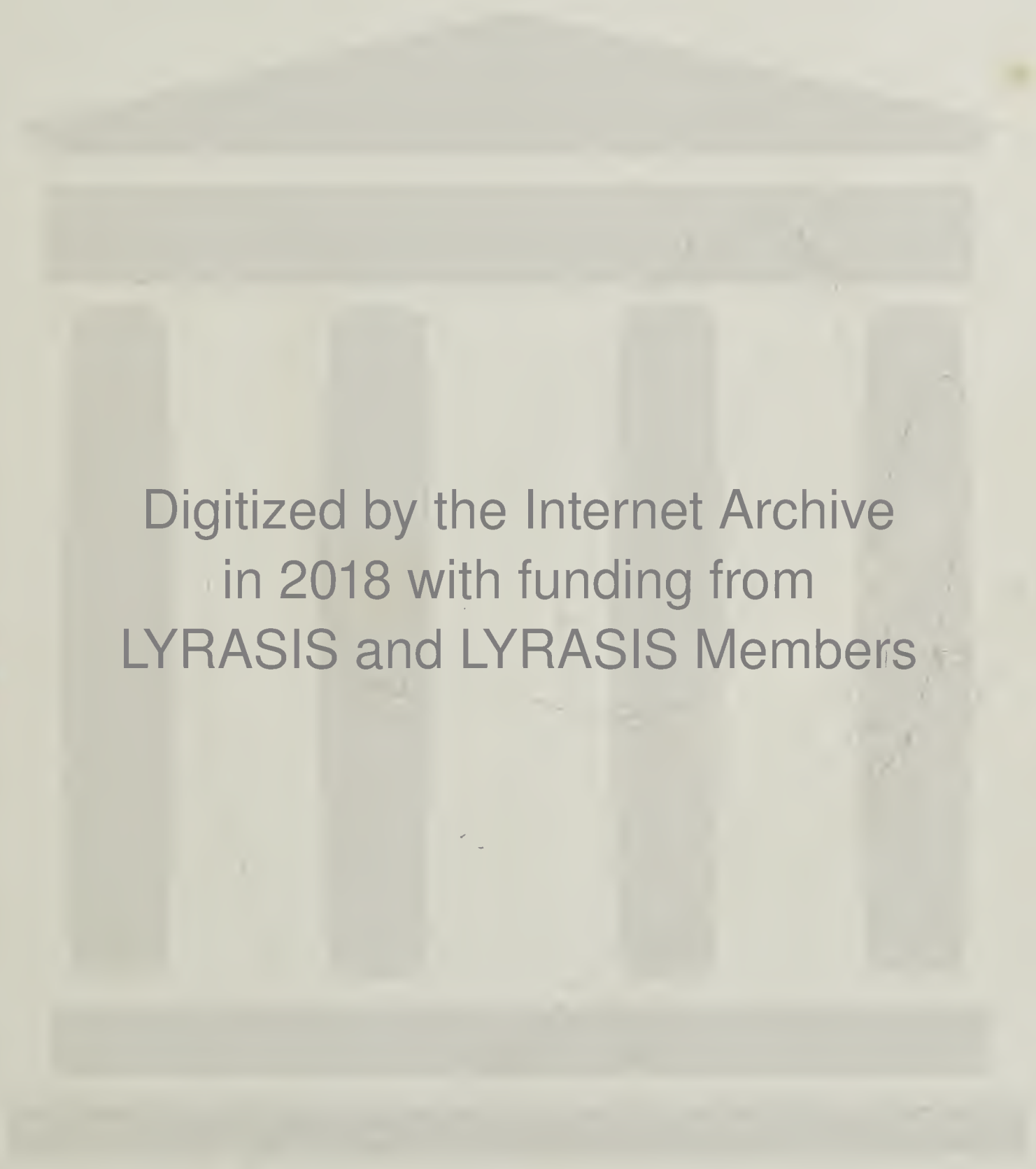
# *Senior Pictures Organizations*



PETERSBURG HIGH SCHOOL

1941



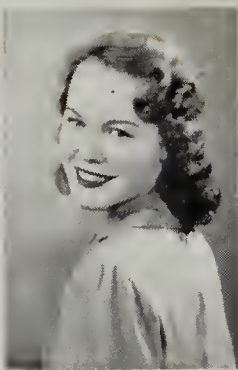
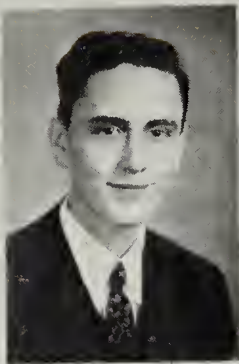


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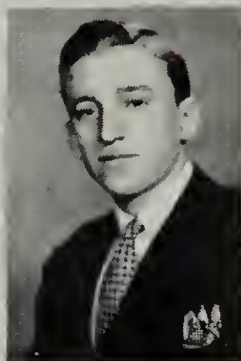
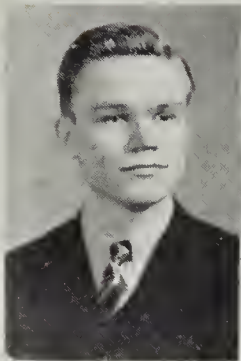
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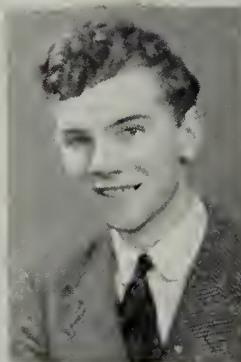
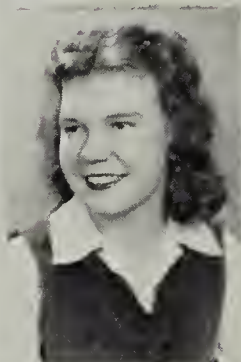
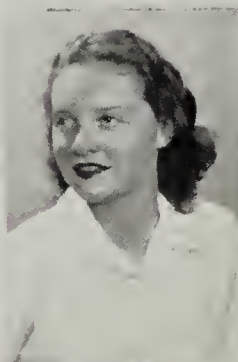
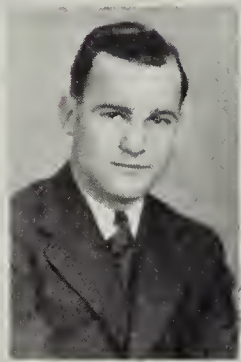
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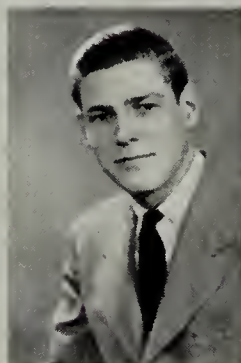
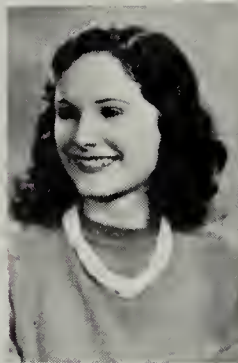
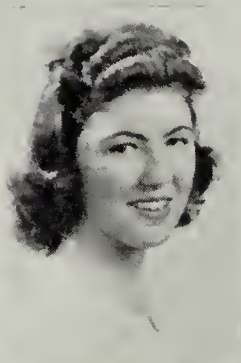
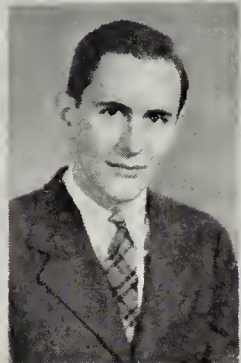
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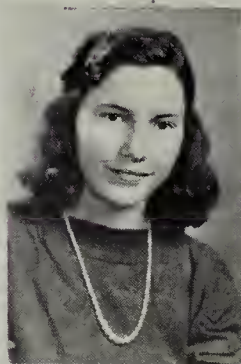
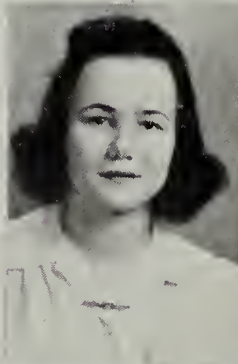
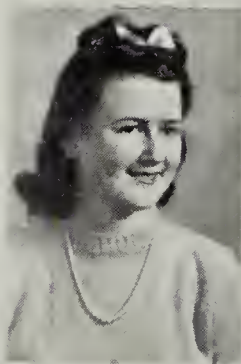
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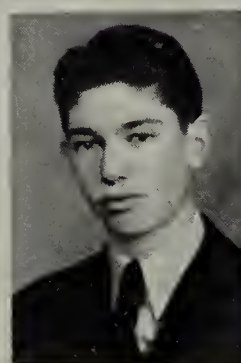
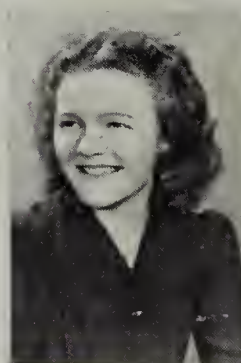
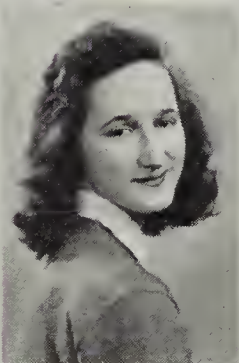
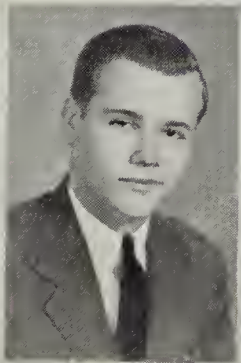
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Everett Elmore Gordon  
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Lillian Mae Frost  
William Franklin Short



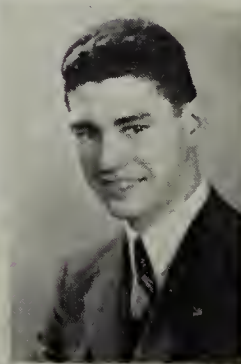
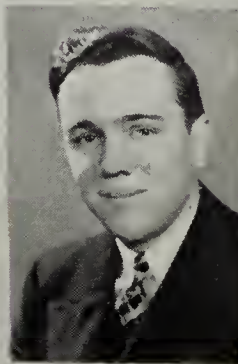
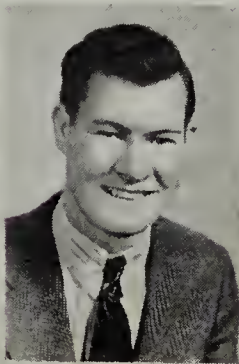
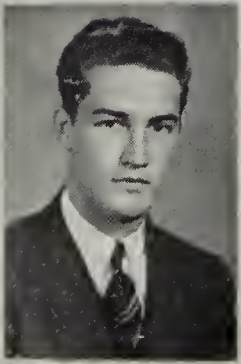
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Lucy Landon Willcox  
Elsie Geraldine Hargrave  
Donald Alexander Simpson



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Edythe Adele Erlichman  
Etta Bessie Goldman  
Patty Anne Guerrant  
Mildred Jane Emory  
Thomas DeWitt Styles

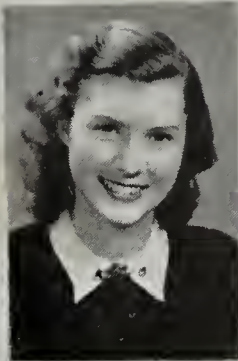
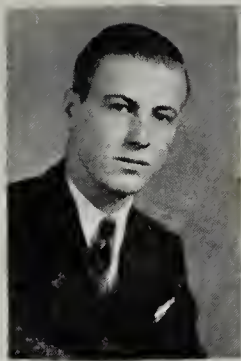


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Richard Thomas Elder  
Morton Sollod

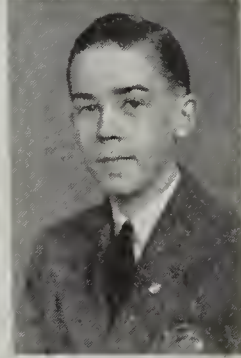
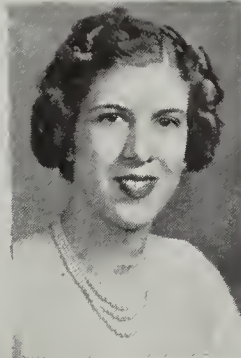
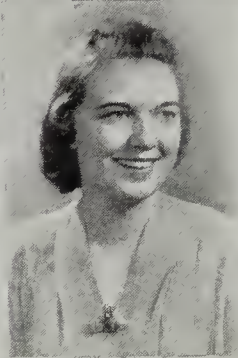
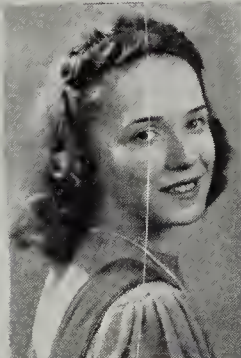
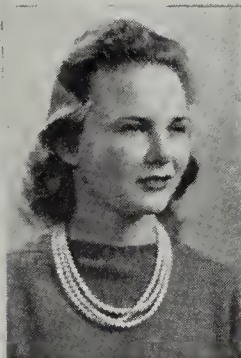
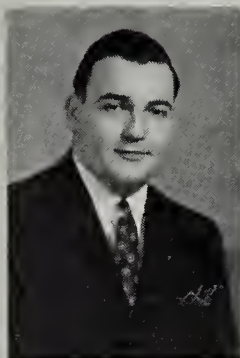




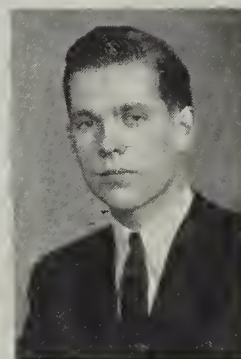
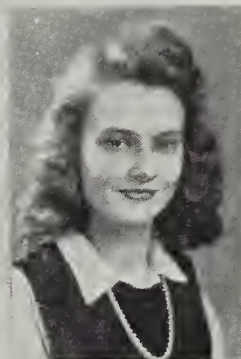
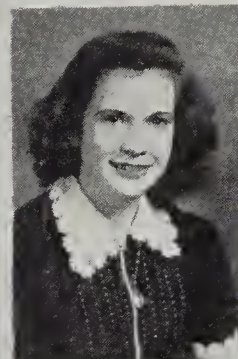
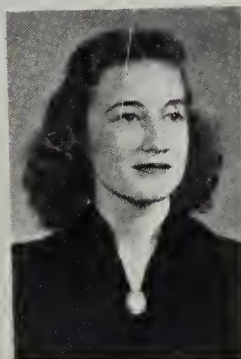
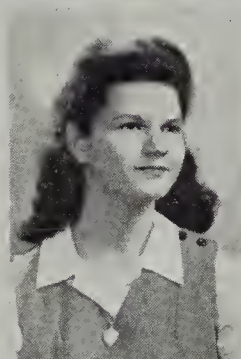
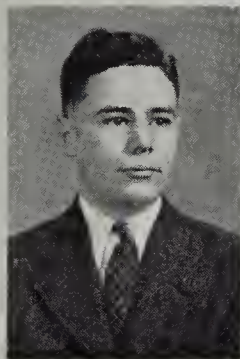
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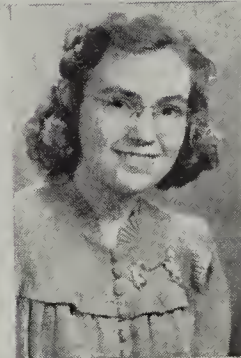
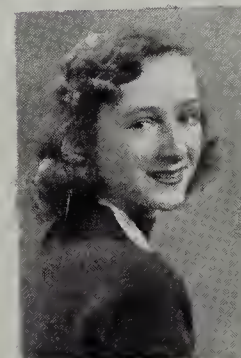
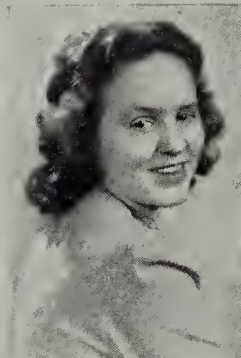
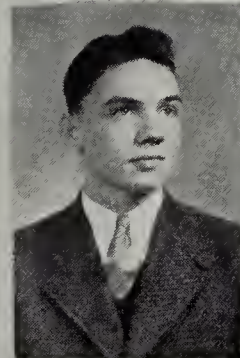
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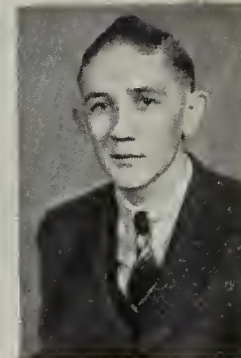
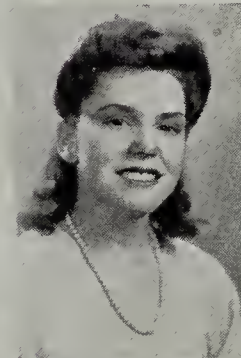
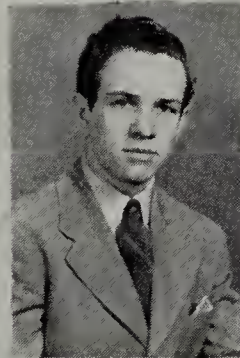
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Evelyn Lorraine Butler  
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Mabel Elizabeth Peterson  
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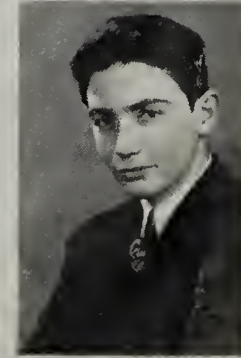
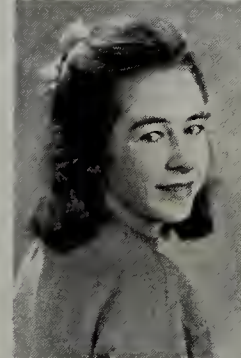
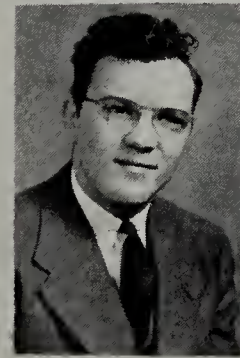
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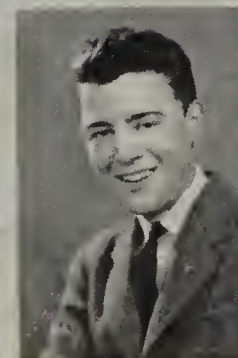
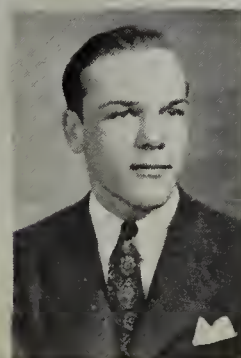
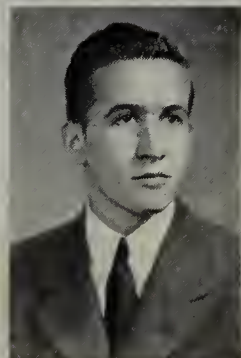
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Marguerite Anne Colgin  
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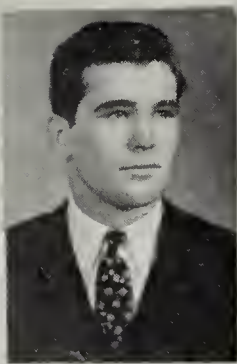


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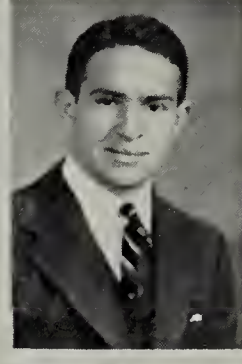
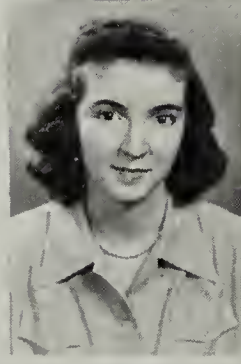
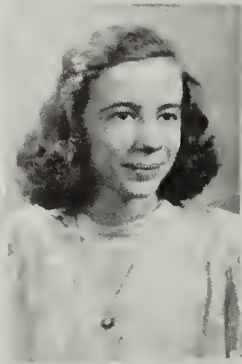
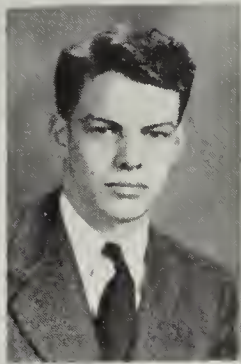




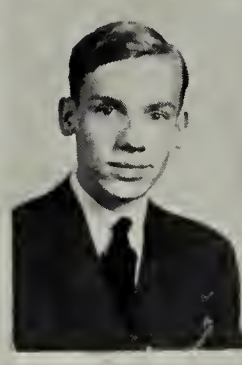
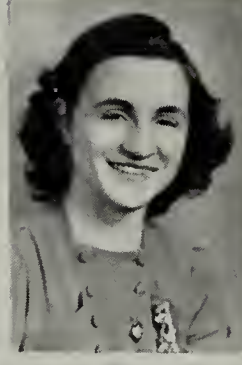
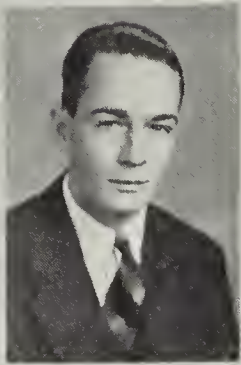
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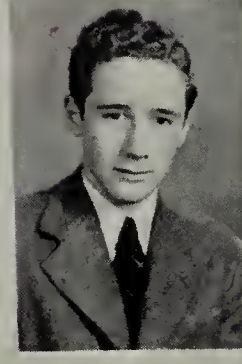
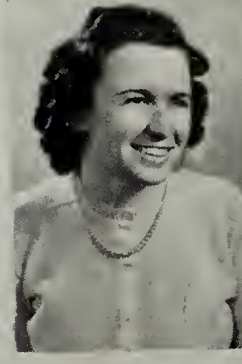
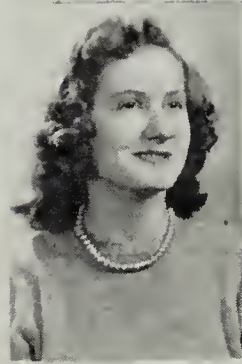
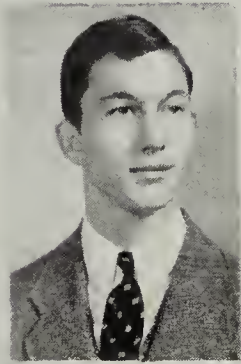
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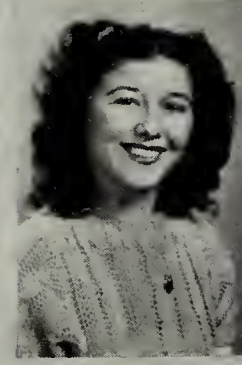
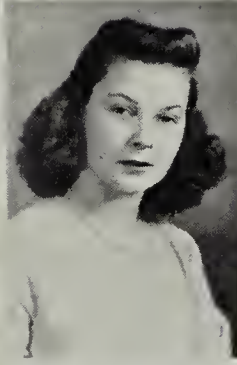
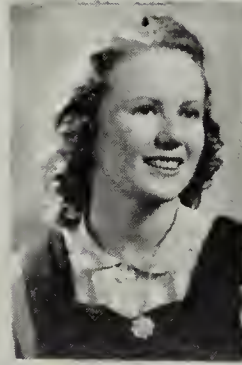
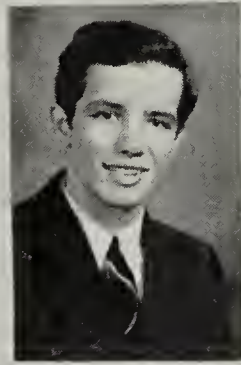
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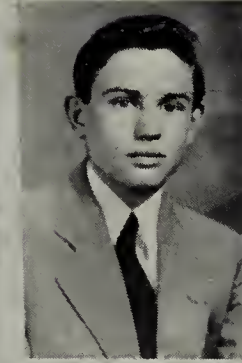
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Daphne Pate  
Frank Hunter Blackwell



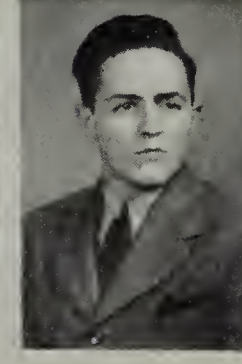
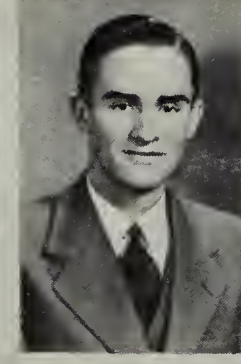
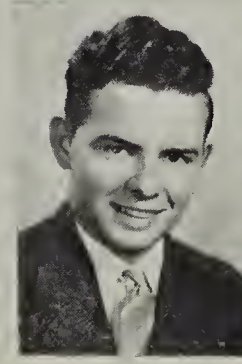
Guy Thomas Cornett  
Jacquelin Dabney Rogers  
Lillian Spain  
Marion Elizabeth Turner  
Celestine Jacqueline Johnson  
William Waverly Hawkins



Edward Roger Gallalee, Jr.  
Laura Virginia Skerritt  
Gladys Young  
Rita Bernice Struminger  
Ophelia Reynolds Whittle  
Wirt Henry Wills, Jr.

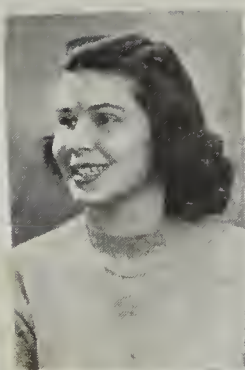
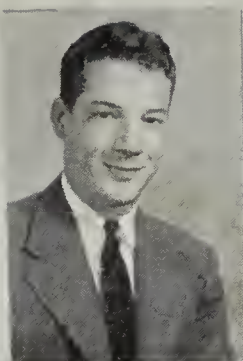


James Tazewell Jones, Jr.  
James Summerfield Johnson, Jr.  
Charles Lambeth Otey  
Isaac Mannie Birdsong, Jr.

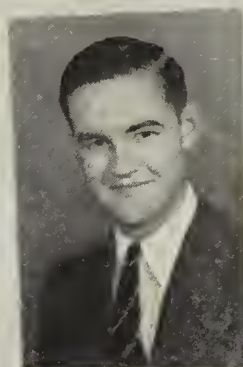




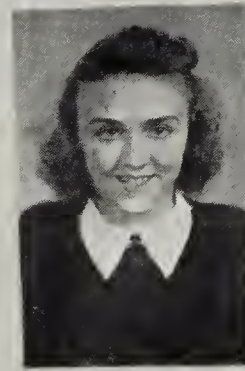
Francis Heath Myers  
Betty Prince Crutchfield



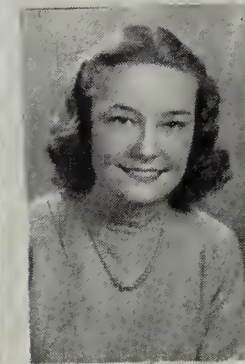
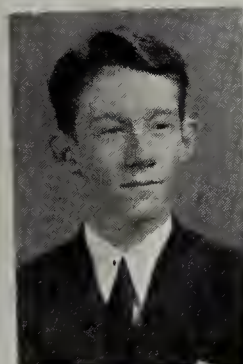
Arthur Kelly Deal, Jr.  
Dorothy Virginia Phillips  
Vivian Mae Williams  
Nelle Louise Lufsey  
Lois Leigh Phelps  
Edwin Earl Miller



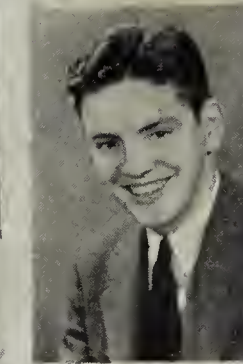
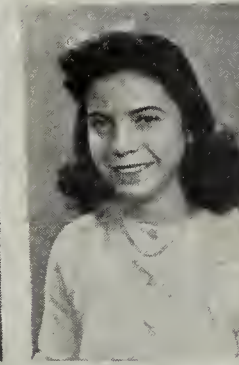
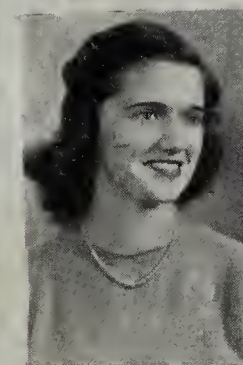
John Willis Matthews  
Hazel Isabel Pride  
Jacqueline Newanna Oakley  
Helen Gene Wilkinson  
Kathryn Hope Perkinson  
Warren Carver Purcell



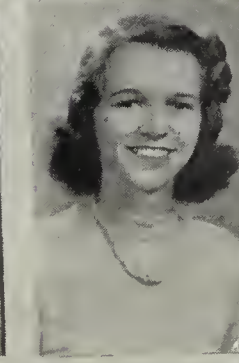
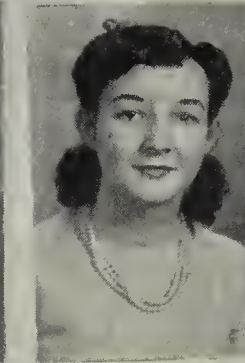
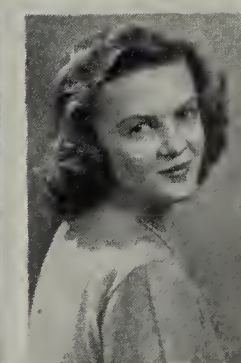
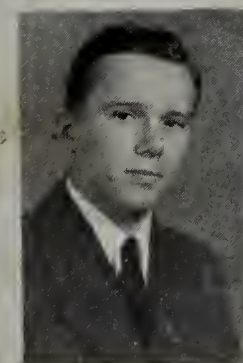
Robert Dunn McIlwaine  
Mary Epps Wells  
Doris Lee Magee  
Cornelia Lynne Becker  
Helen Elizabeth Haering  
Earl Jackson Maderia



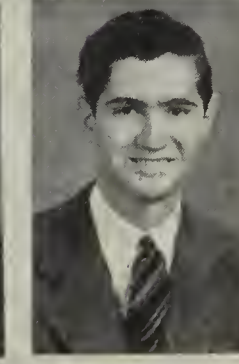
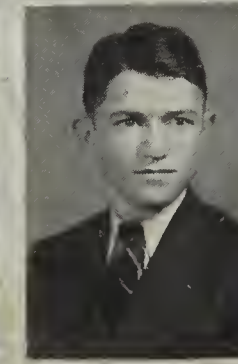
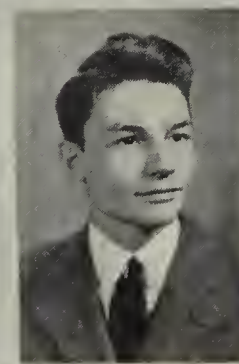
Robert Worthington Nunnally  
Dorothy Elizabeth Perkins  
Jane Powell Buffett  
Rose Elizabeth Pope  
Charlotte Motto  
Robert John O'Leary



Lindsay Lee Livengood, Jr.  
Ellen Powell Brooks  
Geraldine Hamm  
Katherine Louise Jones  
Edith Rebecca Peffer  
John Thomas Pace

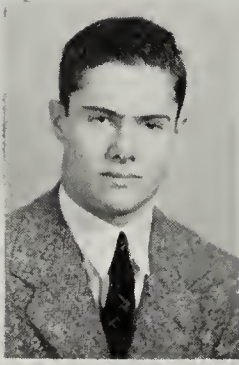


William Holme Pursell, III  
Herbert Reed Jordan, Jr.  
Charles Clifton Saunders, Jr.  
Melvin O'Neal Hall

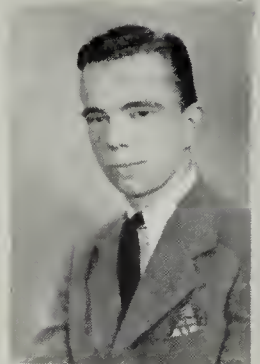
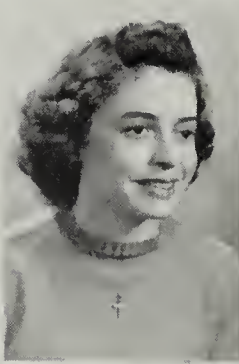
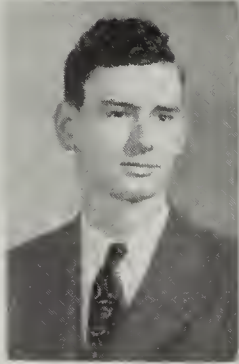




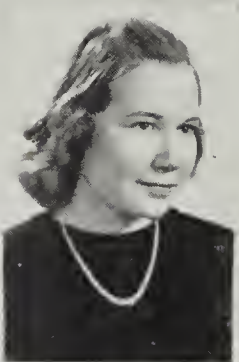
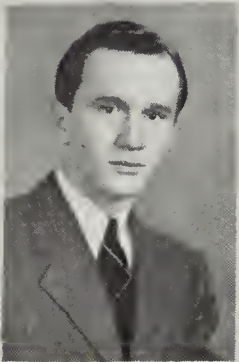
James Dunn Mason, Jr.  
Anne Hundley Pointer



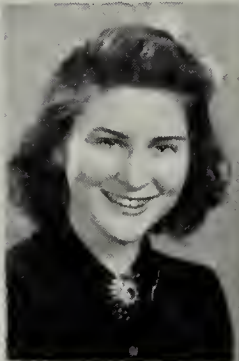
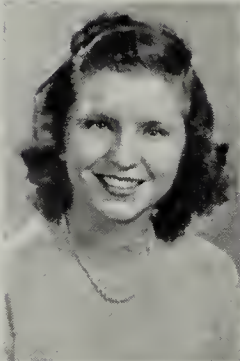
Joe Gray Spain  
Bernice Dell Poppa  
Mary Frances West  
Virginia Marie Wrenn  
Sophie Martha Willis  
Albert Joseph Tipton



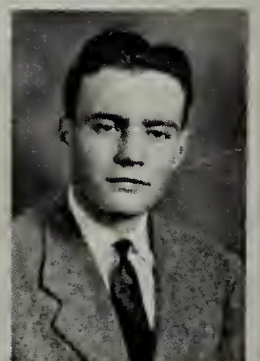
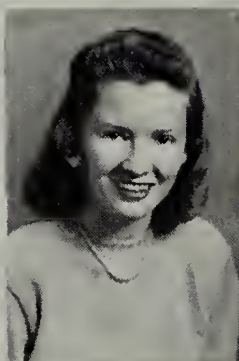
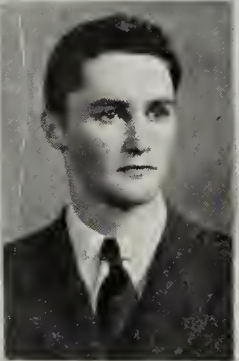
Eugene Anderson Perdue  
Elizabeth Bolling Perkins  
Margaret Elizabeth Wilson  
Margaret Anne Pritchett  
Erline Webb Perkins  
Maurice Edward Tipton



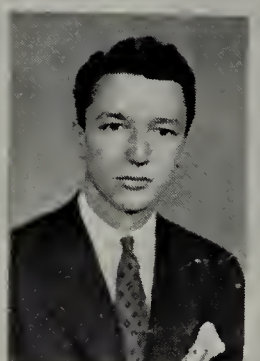
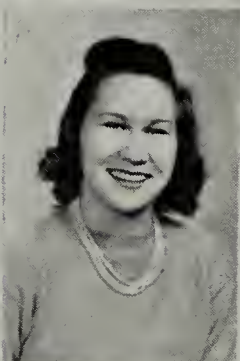
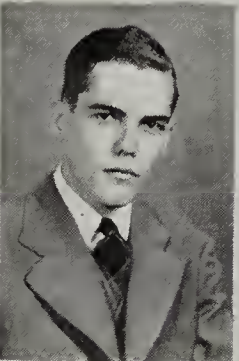
Murray Edward Cooper  
Virginia Lee Procise  
Alice May Wyatt  
Helen Rogers Watson  
Shirley Wilensky  
James Ney Teass



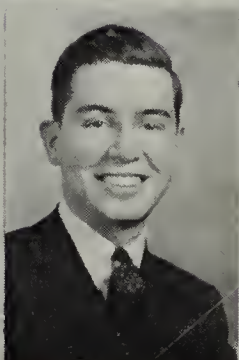
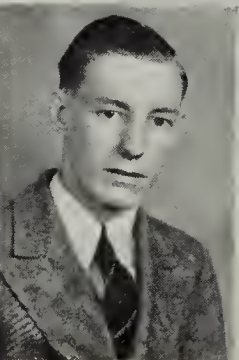
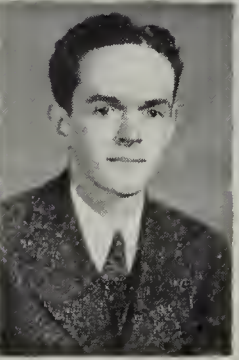
Edwin Michael Clements  
Elsie Christophine Chappell  
Wilma Jeanette Wiseman  
Helen Garland Wilson  
Martha Munt Walsh  
Willis Alton Robinson



Ellsworth Gray Collier  
Frances Kathleen Andrews  
Margaret Sutton Winfield  
Alyce Ruth Wilson  
Jean Malcolm Ide  
John Irland Wood



Charles Courtney Holt  
William Leonard Claytor, Jr.  
Lloyd Guy Hawks  
Samuel Hirsh Unger





# Faculty

Principal ----- H. D. Wolff  
 Assistant Principal ----- H. Augustus Miller, Jr.  
 Librarian ----- Mary Hunter Talman  
 Secretary ----- Louise Fuller

First Row:  
 H. D. Wolff

Second Row:  
 Nannie McL. Cooper  
 Mary Hunter Talman  
 Vera Pollock  
 Nancy Snead  
 Carter Belle Munt  
 Gladys E. Wilkinson

Third Row:  
 Mae McIvor  
 Louise Fuller  
 Margaret Pitts  
 Louise Moseley  
 Frances I. Browning

Fourth Row:  
 Mrs. Pauline C. Robertson  
 Elsie L. Burnett  
 Janie Lee Reynolds  
 Charlotte Gilliam  
 Nettie H. Leftwich

Fifth Row:  
 Ann B. Kemp  
 Elizabeth Haley  
 Bessie M. Hall  
 Mary T. Perkins  
 Mrs. Neil Titus  
 Nancy Fitzhugh  
 Lelia F. Huddle

Sixth Row:  
 H. Augustus Miller, Jr.  
 Laura A. Meredith  
 Hayden Gwaltney  
 M. Noble Smith

Seventh Row:  
 Kenneth R. Erfft  
 Howard Freas  
 Horace Nims  
 William W. Reade  
 H. S. Holmes

Not in picture: D. Pinckney Powers, Rosalind Marks, Leo F. deSola, Mrs. Bernice Long, H. F. Bowers, Jr., Grace E. Herr, Margaret Lewis





- FEBRUARY

CLASS

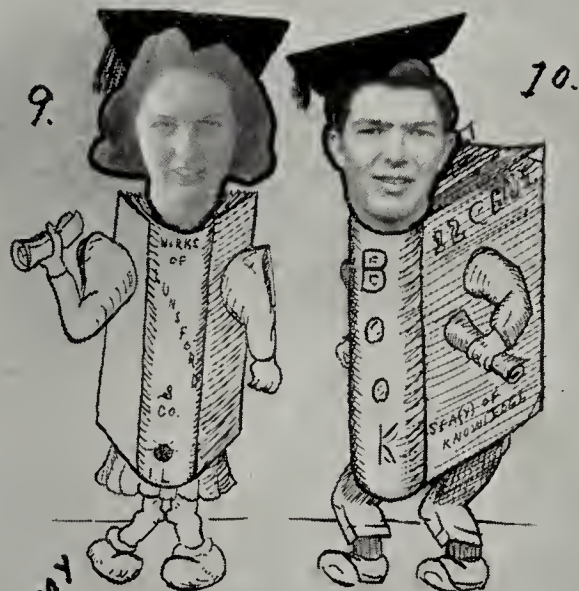
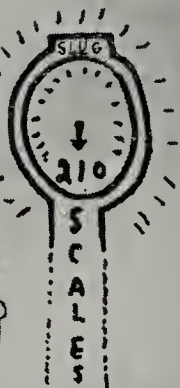


PHOTO 3-CV. MONTAGE

William Hay



# JUNE CLASS

IRONY

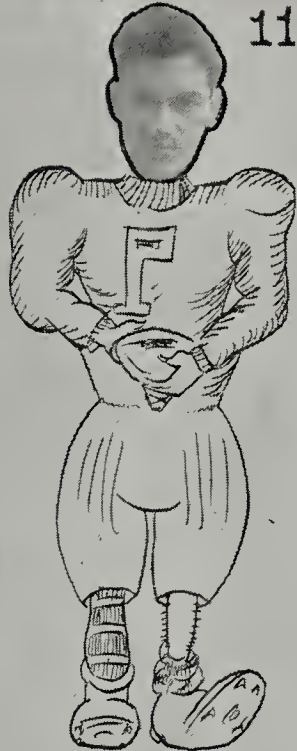
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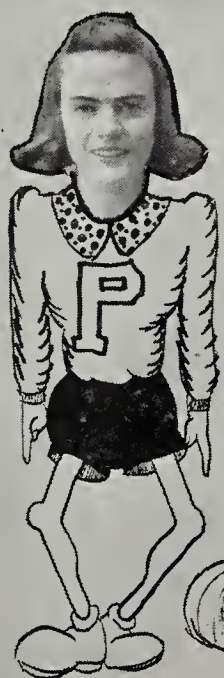


11.



1. MARTHA WALSH - FLIRT
2. TOBBY LAFFOON - FLIRT
3. JIMMY MASON - BEST ALL ROUND
4. TUCKER WILLCOX - BEST ALL ROUND
5. SONNY T FRANK - HANDSOME ST
6. PEGGY HAMNER - PRETTIEST
7. MARTHA KINSEY - GOOFIEST
8. DONALD ROBERTSON - GOOFIEST
9. BOB MEILWAINE - BRIGHTEST
10. KATHLEEN RAHILY - BRIGHTEST
11. JIMMY O'DONNELL - ATHLETE
12. PEGGY WINFIELD - ATHLETE

12



BASKET BALL

9.

10



BOOK WORMS (ONLY FOOLING)

3.



TREE

4.



5.



6.



7. + 8.



PHOTOS - CVM OOR R  
DRAWINGS - W. H. Y





First Row:

Mary Ruth Carroll  
Kathleen Rahily

Second Row:

Mr. H. A. Miller  
Junior Martinsen  
Shirley Wilensky  
Margaret Wilson  
Billy Eades  
Anne Pointer  
Jean Ide  
Helen Haering  
Jerry Sanders

Third Row:

Ben Booth  
Peggy Winfield  
Betty Burgess  
Betty Lou Loftis  
Mary Virginia Super  
Anne Martin  
Betty Pat Lewis  
Dot Lyons  
Mary Ruth Caldwell  
Bob McIlwaine

Fourth Row:

Carlton Potts  
Miss Bessie Hall  
Edlynn Welch  
Rita Struminger  
Jennings Pamplin  
Austin Clements  
Dick Wilson  
L. L. Magee  
Elizabeth Perkins  
Erline Perkins

Fifth Row:

Mr. William Reade  
Edith Hartman  
Anne Seay  
Mary Ellen Trakas  
William Hoy  
Ann Hinton  
Clarence Moore  
Bobby Winfield  
Franklin Hatch

Not in picture: Cyrus Ridenour.

Co-Editors -----	Mary Ruth Carroll Kathleen Rahily
Circulation Manager -----	Austin Clements
Business Manager -----	Peggy Winfield
Faculty Advisers -----	Mr. H. Augustus Miller, Jr. Miss Bessie Hall Mr. William Reade

*Missile Staff*



# Square Circle

President -----	Janet Jackson
Vice-President -----	Nellie Varn
Secretary-Treasurer -----	Lucy Willeox
Sponsor -----	Miss Meredith

First Row:  
Peggy Winfield  
Ann McKenney  
Lucy Willeox  
Janet Jackson  
Nellie Varn  
Dorothy Clements

Second Row:  
Miss Laura Meredith  
Peggy Hamner  
Ophelia Whittle  
Anne Seay  
Barbara Houser  
Frances Seward  
Martha Kinsey

Third Row:  
Jane Buffett  
Deena White  
Kitty Parham  
Betsy Syme  
Mary Parsons  
Martha Lunsford  
Dorothy Arnold

Not in picture: Helen Meacham.







Beginning at top of O and reading clockwise:

Anne Clark  
 Lois Phelps  
 Betty Harville  
 Jean Pritchett  
 Geraldine Spratley  
 Gene Wilkinson  
 Barbara Wyatt  
 Cecil Collett  
 Margaret Anne Pritchett

Beginning at top of G and reading counter-clockwise:

Janet Mann  
 Peggy Becker  
 Margaret Wilson  
 Dorothy Holleman  
 Helen Wilson  
 Anne Pointer  
 Miss Hayden Gwaltney  
 Betty Burgess  
 Louise Halbert

President	-----	Anne Pointer
Vice-President	-----	Helen Wilson
Secretary	-----	Peggy Becker
Treasurer	-----	Anne Clark
Sponsor	-----	Miss Hayden Gwaltney

*O. G. Club*



# Goober Pep Club

President ----- Frances Bell  
Vice-President ----- Dorothy Shepherd  
Secretary-Treasurer ----- Jeanne Richardson  
Faculty Adviser ----- Miss Grace Herr

First Row:	Second Row:
Frances Bell	Margaret Baxter
Gloria Jolly	Zilphia Gully
Mary Jane McKenney	Joyce Phillips
Jeanne Richardson	Dorothy Shepherd
	Rosa Price

Third Row:  
Jean Bragg  
Mary Ruth Caldwell  
Helen Reese  
Frances Shackelford  
Miss Grace Herr

Not in picture: Jane Hartman, Irene Holland, Phyllis Wilson, Phyllis Boswell, Ellen Veazey, Annabelle Chilton, Mae Murray, Leah Jordan.







First Row:  
 Pauline Pierce  
 Betty Harville  
 Betsy Morris  
 Lois Phelps  
 Billy Harville  
 Janet O'Leary  
 Ardenia Miffleton  
 Anne Pointer

Second Row:  
 Sterling Grimmer  
 Robert Long  
 John Pora  
 Martha Walsh  
 Jennings Pamplin  
 James Johnson  
 Charles Jones

Third Row:  
 Mildred Agee  
 Anne Hinton  
 Helen Watson  
 William Dance  
 Ann McAden  
 Betty Burgess

Fourth Row:  
 Broadus Bowman  
 Kathleen Rahily  
 Cecil Collett  
 Jane Buffett  
 Jean Ide  
 Ann Pollard  
 Anne Martin  
 Betty Lou Loftis  
 Tommy Stafford

Fifth Row:  
 Mr. Kenneth Erfft  
 Jack Wood  
 Dorothy Arnold  
 Bob O'Leary  
 Dot Lyons  
 Roland Allen

Not in picture: Arthur Marshall, Rita Struminger, Charles Saunders, Virginia McElroy, Katherine Acree, Anne Maddera, Dot Lyons, John Mann, Albert Super, Jimmy Dooley, Frances Cox, Clyde Laushey, Robert Colgin, Mac Gill.

President	-----	Bob O'Leary
Secretary-Treasurer	-----	Rita Struminger
Faculty Adviser	-----	Mr. Kenneth Erfft

*Dramatic Club*



# Glee Club

President ----- Betty Burgess  
 Vice-President ----- Marion Baker  
 Secretary ----- Richard Robinson  
 Treasurer ----- John Unruh  
 Librarian ----- Lois Phelps  
 Faculty Adviser ----- Mrs. Pauline Robertson

First Row:  
 Lucille Vaughan  
 Edith Sandford  
 Charlotte Perkins  
 Edlynn Welch  
 John Unruh  
 Betty Burgess  
 Pauline Pierce  
 Mildred Agee  
 Mildred Hogwood  
 Patsy Wells

Second Row:  
 Margaret Brown  
 Janet O'Leary  
 Frances Taylor  
 Virginia Henderson  
 Mary Ellen Trakas  
 Rita Struminger  
 Dorothy Holleman  
 Jennie Proctor  
 Evelyn Butler  
 Elizabeth Peterson  
 Frances Daniels

Third Row:  
 Ben Booth  
 Nellie Walker  
 Doris Rogers  
 Betsy Morris  
 Betty Lou Loftis  
 Ann Talmage  
 Mabbot Perkins  
 Kathryn Jane McManaway  
 Louise Winfield  
 Joyce Phillips  
 Mary Jane McKenney  
 Ann Pond

Fourth Row:  
 William Dance  
 June Stafford  
 Lucille Davis  
 Evelyn Stuart  
 Lois Phelps  
 Cecil Collett  
 Bernice King  
 Betty Parrish  
 Paige Jones  
 Charles Saunders

Fifth Row:  
 Robert Robinson  
 Betty Lund  
 Lois Allen  
 Marjorie Woody  
 Frances Shackelford  
 Annabelle Chilton  
 Muriel Sandler  
 John Mann  
 Richard Robinson  
 Emory Hodges

Not in picture: Evelyn Williams, Carlene Hennaman, Jimmy Robinson, Audrey Biggs, Ann Rushmore, Helen Hammond, Marion Baker, Phil Picardat.







First Row:

Evelyn Butler  
Catherine Hughes  
William Dance  
Betty Burgess  
Anne Pointer  
Mildred Agee  
Betty Hall  
Virginia McElroy  
Robert Park

Second Row:

Jennings Pamplin  
Marjorie Vaughan  
Betty Pat Lewis  
Dorothy Holleman  
Peggy Steel  
Edwin Sinclair

Third Row:

Katherine Acree  
Annabelle Chilton  
Dot Lyons  
Anne Martin  
Dorothy Robinson  
Charles Jones

Fourth Row:

Frances Seward  
Mildred Bullock  
Carolyn Van Ness  
Barbara Houser  
Ann Pollard  
Muriel Sandler  
Grey Andrews

Fifth Row:

Helen Doyle  
Barbara Wyatt  
Ann Starnes  
Nellie Lufsey  
Betty Lou Loftis  
Nancy Robinson  
Tommy Stafford

Sixth Row:

Jane Saunders  
Clare Donahue  
Martha Walsh  
Margaret Booker  
Ann Hinton  
Virginia Hedges

Seventh Row:

Anne Drabenstadt  
Helen Watson  
Jewel Mann  
Margaret Torrence  
Audrey Pottage  
Roslyn Lubman

Eighth Row:

Mary Super  
Edlynn Welch  
Dick Bristow  
Robert Colgin  
John Mann  
Nick Nicholas

Not in picture: Alan Jennings, Jean Ide, Pauline Pierce, William Hoy, Helen Haering, Mary Ruth Caldwell, Mary Ruth Carroll, Helen Ann Reese, Frances Shackelford, Jane Smith, Mary Frances West.

President	Betty Burgess
Vice-President	Anne Pointer
Secretary	Evelyn Butler
Treasurer	William Dance
Faculty Adviser	Mrs. Pauline Robertson



# Miller Society

President ----- Bob O'Leary  
 Vice-President ----- Irving Pritchett  
 Secretary-Treasurer ----- Betty Lou Loftis  
 Faculty Adviser ----- Mr. Horace Nims

## First Row:

Irving Pritchett  
 Ann McAden  
 Betty Lou Loftis  
 Dot Lyons  
 Peggy Steel  
 Bob O'Leary

## Second Row:

Anne Pollard  
 Barbara Houser  
 Dorothy Robinson  
 Anne Martin  
 Betty Pat Lewis  
 Betty Harville  
 Anne McKenney

## Third Row:

Donald Robertson  
 Nellie Varn  
 Katherine Acree  
 Nancy Gill  
 Gloria Jolly  
 Mary Jane McKenney  
 Betty Minetree  
 Nellie Smith  
 Dorothy Arnold

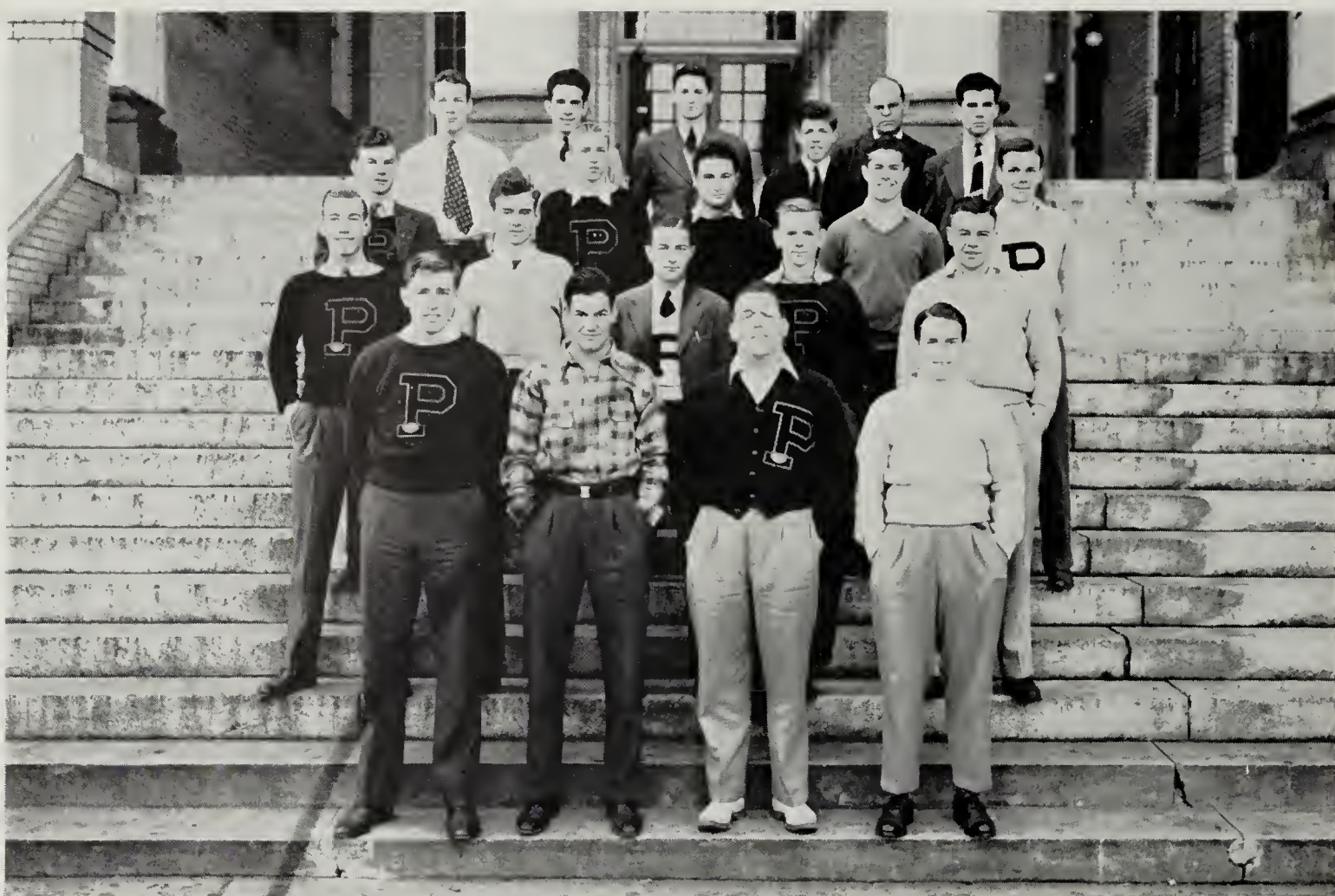
## Fourth Row:

Ben Booth  
 Mr. Horace Nims  
 Frank Ernst  
 Earle Clements  
 Bill Harville  
 Dickie Wilson  
 A. B. Windham  
 Jane Buffett  
 Hinton Williams  
 Ellis Smith

Not in picture: Bill Mahone, Alex. Mason, Dick Taylor, Lila Kinsey, Virginia Townes, Marianna Wyatt, Martha Wells, Ed. Parker, Bill Gallalee, Billy Hack, Kathleen Kirkland, Marion Alley.







First Row:  
 Clyde Evely  
 Jimmy O'Donnell  
 William Laffoon  
 Herbert Gill

Second Row:  
 Stanley Sherman  
 Gray Spain  
 Charles Daly  
 William Cash  
 Gerald Pulley

Third Row:  
 Thomas Stafford  
 Donald Robertson  
 Robert Dorsk  
 James Mason  
 Ellis Smith

Fourth Row:  
 Frank Myers  
 Jimmy Smith  
 Ed. Clements  
 Harold Hicks  
 Mr. H. S. Holmes  
 Carl Collier

Not in picture: George Leys, Freddie Bowman, Herbert Miller.

President .....	William Laffoon
Vice-President .....	George Leys
Secretary-Treasurer .....	Herbert Gill
Faculty Adviser .....	Mr. H. S. Holmes

*Boys' Monogram Club*



# Girls' Monogram Club

President -----	Helen Wilson
Vice-President -----	Jane Hartman
Secretary-Treasurer -----	Lucy Willecox
Faculty Adviser -----	Miss Margaret Pitts

First Row:  
 Martha Walsh  
 Helen Wilson  
 Louise Foltz  
 Nelle Lufsey  
 Edlynn Welch  
 Ophelia Whittle  
 Mildred Agee  
 Louise Walker

Second Row:  
 Dotty Clements  
 Peggy Winfield  
 Nellie Varn  
 Jane Buffett  
 Kathleen Rahily  
 Virginia McElroy  
 Margaret Cooper  
 Dorothy Holleman  
 Rita Struminger

Third Row:  
 Anne Drabenstadt  
 Lucy Willecox  
 Dorothy George  
 Alyse Dean  
 Ann Mahone  
 Lois Phelps  
 Anne Pointer  
 Martha Kinsey

Not in picture: Jane Hartman.







First Row:  
Margaret Thweatt

Second Row:  
Mr. Kenneth Erfft  
Bob O'Leary

Third Row:  
Ney Teass  
Irving Pritchett  
James Mason

Fourth Row:  
John Hamner  
Earle Clements  
Austin Clements  
Hunter Jackson

Fifth Row:  
Gordon Davis  
Emory Hodges  
Ed. Clements  
Hinton Williams  
Ellis Smith

Sixth Row:  
Preston McIlwaine  
Jimmy Robinson  
Tommy Stafford  
A. B. Windham  
Jimmy Smith  
Lindsay Livengood

Seventh Row:  
Charles Jones  
L. L. Magee  
Billy Eades  
Jack Wood  
Elmer Bristow  
Ed. Faison

Seventh Row:  
Harley Caldwell  
Winfield Lanier  
Donald Robertson  
Dick Wilson  
Allen Minetree  
Billy Hack  
Irvin Frank  
Broadus Short

Not in picture: Frank Teass, Joe Parker.

President	Bob O'Leary
Vice-President	Jimmy Mason
Secretary	Ney Teass
Treasurer	Irving Pritchett
Sponsor	Margaret Thweatt
Faculty Adviser	Mr. Kenneth Erfft

*Hi-Y Club*



# Band

President ----- Anderson Perdue  
 Vice-President ----- Albert Wynne  
 Secretary-Treasurer ----- Earle Clements  
 Director ----- Mr. Leo F. deSola

First Row:  
 Edith Andrews  
 Helen Brown  
 Jake Bulifant  
 Jacqueline Crank  
 Jane Widdop

Second Row:  
 Douglas Jackson  
 Robert Robinson  
 Calvin Minton  
 L. L. Magee  
 Bain Whitten

Third Row:  
 Alfred Hopkins  
 Billy Harville  
 Ed. Minetree  
 Howard Dunnavant  
 Earle Clements  
 Anne Drabenstadt

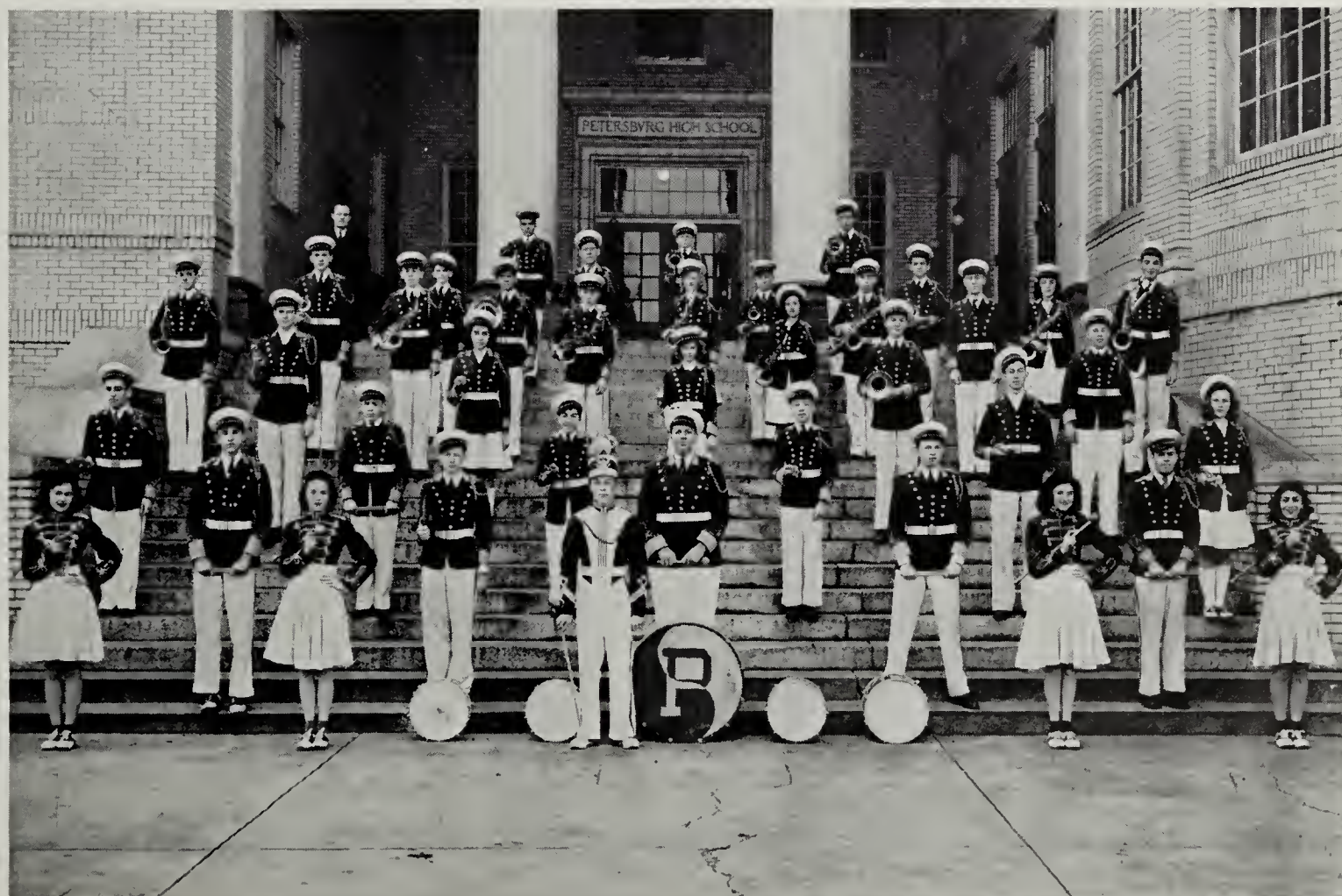
Fourth Row:  
 Carlton Potts  
 Margaret Baxter  
 Doris Ramsey  
 David Saunders  
 Eugene Crittenden

Fifth Row:  
 Courtney Holt  
 Moffett Walker  
 Pete Westbrook  
 Ardenia Miffleton  
 Albert Wynne  
 Allen Unger

Sixth Row:  
 Anderson Perdue  
 Edwin Sinclair  
 Clyde Laushey  
 Dorothy George  
 Robert Nugent  
 Walter Beaman  
 Herbert Cogle  
 Alex Dean

Seventh Row:  
 Mr. Leo F. deSola  
 Herman Fry  
 Franklin Hatch  
 Bobby Smith  
 Sam Unger

Not in picture: Danny Russo, Thomas Southall.







First Row:  
 Louise Foltz  
 Nelle Lufsey  
 Anne Hinton  
 Betty Lou Loftis

Second Row:  
 William Hoy  
 William Dance  
 Emory Hodges  
 Jennings Pamplin

Third Row:  
 Mr. H. S. Holmes  
 Miss Grace Herr

Head Cheer Leader	-----	Louise Foltz
Faculty Advisers	-----	Mr. H. S. Holmes Miss Grace Herr

*Cheer Leaders*



# Football Team

Captain ----- Herbert Gill  
Coach ----- Mr. R. C. Day

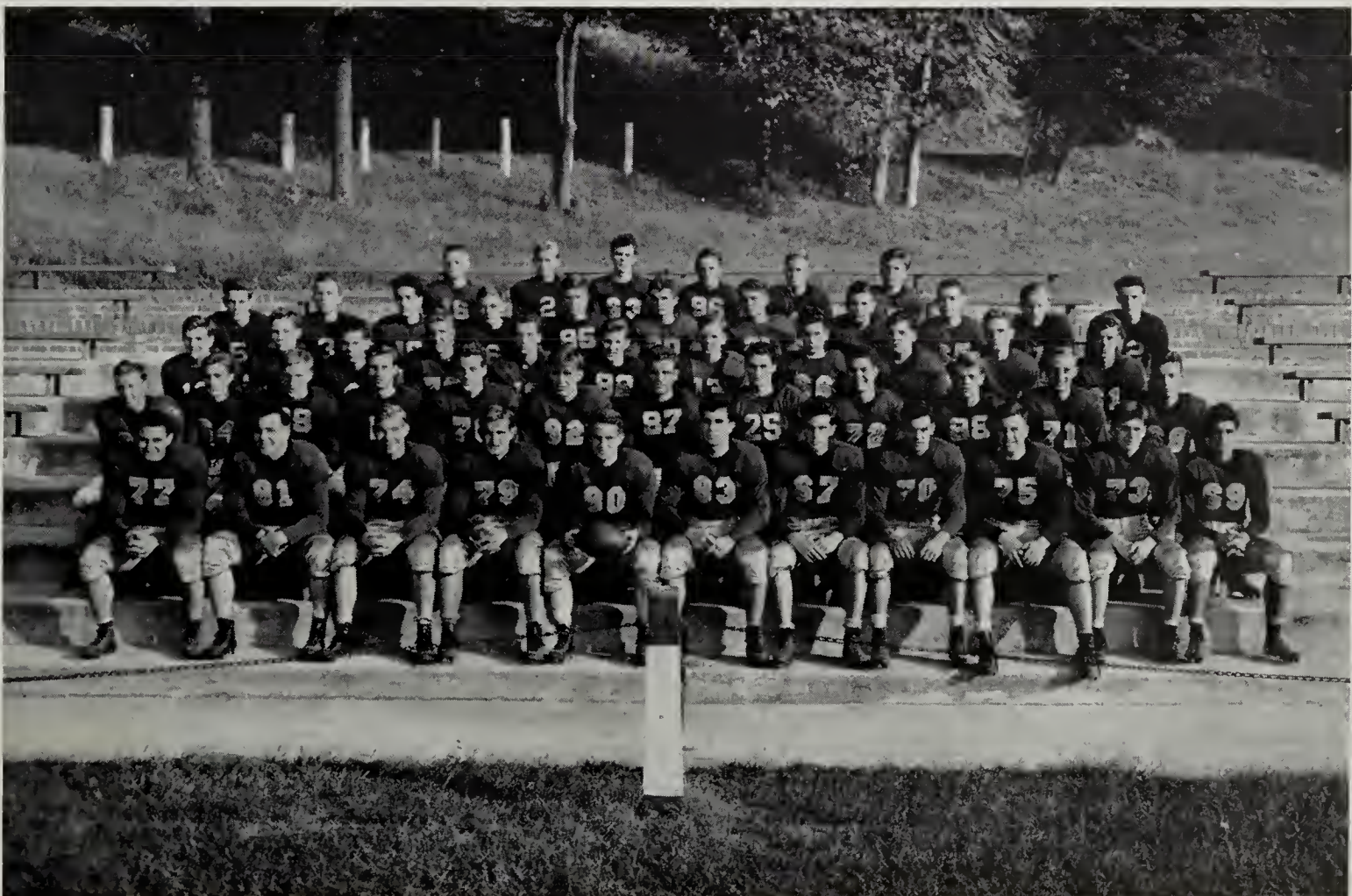
First Row:  
Robert Dorsk  
William Laffoon  
Stanley Sherman  
Herbert Miller  
Herbert Gill  
Carl Collier  
Jimmy Smith  
Jimmy O'Donnell  
Gerald Pulley  
Ellis Smith  
Freddie Bowman

Second Row:  
Billy Lunsford  
Charles Daly  
Bill Unsworth  
Harley Caldwell  
Frank Myers  
Clyde Evely  
Sam Stewart  
Ed. Clements  
Jimmy Mason  
Vernon Bryant  
Herbert Marable  
Bob O'Leary

Third Row:  
Oscar Wood  
Billy Jolly  
Irving Pritchett  
Ashton Brock  
Broadus Short  
Earl Tucker  
Wallace Cash  
Bernard Petroff  
Casper Kidd  
Robert James  
Robert Floyd

Fourth Row:  
Phil Picardat  
Lindsay Livengood  
Dick Martinsen  
Frank Teass  
Bowling Chappell  
William Stone  
Arthur Kimball  
Bill Trigg  
Billy Gill

Fifth Row:  
Herbert Talbott  
Charles Perdue  
V. J. Coberly  
Winfield Lanier  
John Kollman  
Preston McIlwaine







First Row:

Ellis Smith  
Ed. Clements  
Jimmy O'Donnell  
Clyde Evely  
Freddie Bowman

Second Row:

Jimmy Mason  
Broadus Short  
Hillsdon Ryan  
Donald Robertson  
Ney Teass

Captain ----- Jimmy O'Donnell  
Coach ----- Mr. R. C. Day

*Basketball Team*



# Wrestling Team

Captain ----- Carl Collier  
Coach ----- Mr. Frank Bowers

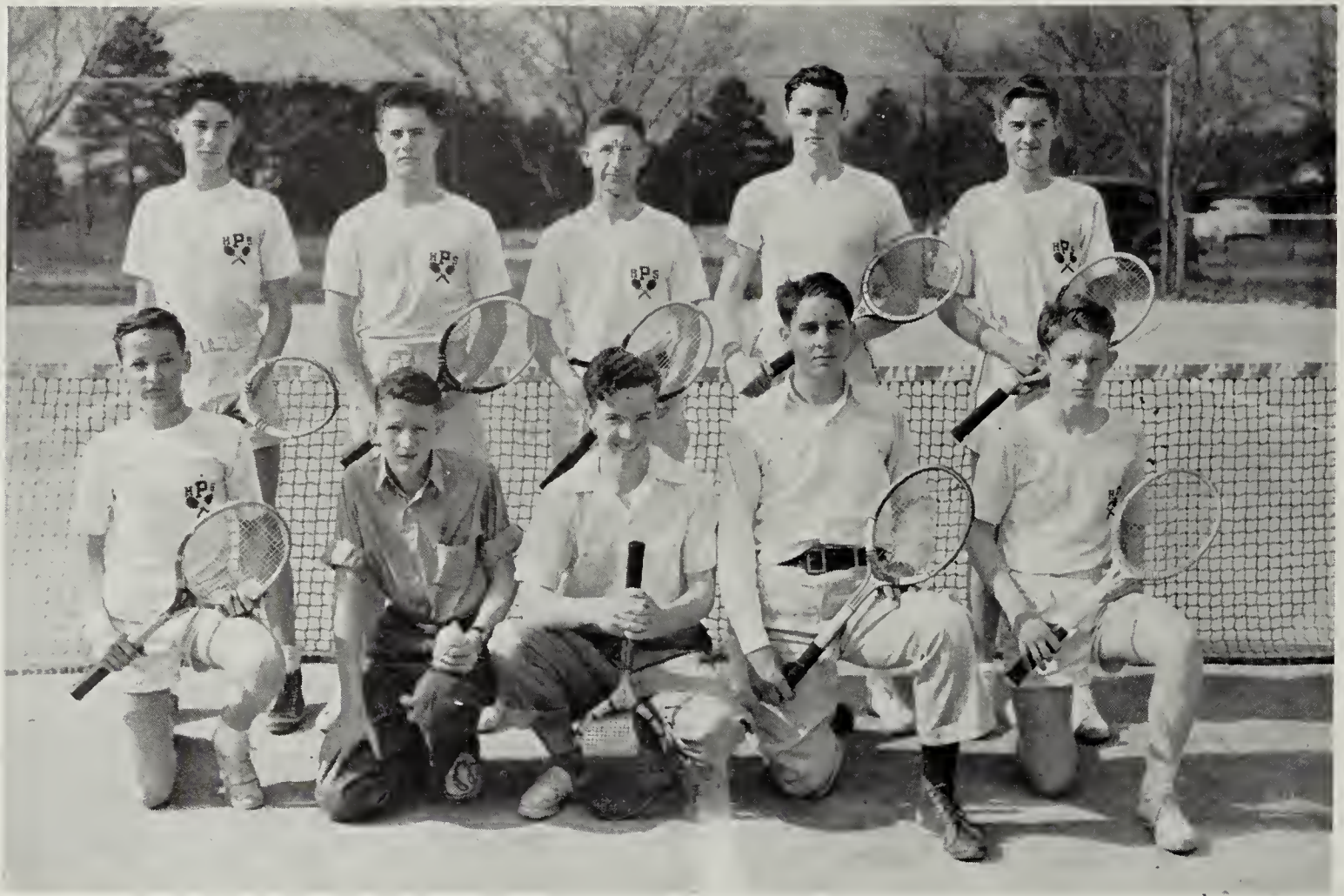
First Row:  
Junior Martinsen  
Pinky Marshall  
Bill Unsworth  
Carl Collier  
Gerald Pulley  
Tommy Stafford

Second Row:  
Billy Gill  
Casper Kidd  
Benjamin Lum  
Herbert Miller  
Charles Daly  
Lindsay Livengood

Third Row:  
Clyde Laushey  
V. J. Coberly  
Joe Browder  
James Johnson  
Preston McIlwaine







First Row:

Austin Clements  
Robert Robinson  
Dick Davies  
Gordon Davis  
Bob McIlwaine

Second Row:

Dick Wilson  
Jimmy Mason  
Mr. William Reade  
Ed. Clements  
Joe Parker

Manager ----- Robert Robinson  
Coach ----- Mr. William Reade

*Tennis Team*



## Hockey Team

Manager ----- Mary Anderson  
Captain ----- Peggy Winfield  
Coach ----- Miss Margaret Pitts

### First Row:

Mary Anderson  
Edith Mariniak  
Carleen Michael  
Peggy Winfield  
Virginia Wrenn  
Ellen Veazey  
Frances Daly

### Second Row:

Rose Hare  
Frances Hastings  
Margaret Porter  
Margaret Cooper  
Jane Hartman  
Miss Margaret Pitts  
Ophelia Whittle  
Ann Pond  
Helen Wilson  
Jacqueline Kirkland

Not in picture: Louise Wilkerson







First Row:  
Peggy Winfield  
Nellie Varn  
Carleen Michael

Second Row:  
Martha Kinsey  
Jane Hartman  
Ophelia Whittle

Third Row:  
Edith Mariniak  
Lucy Willecox  
Helen Wilson  
Ellen Veazey  
Ann Mahone

Fourth Row:  
Rose Hare  
Mildred Brown  
Eleanor Sherman  
Miss Margaret Pitts  
Margaret Grinstead  
Betty Hall  
Frances Bell

Manager ----- Lucy Willecox  
Captain ----- Nellie Varn  
Coach ----- Miss Margaret Pitts

*Girls' Basketball Team*



# *Autographs*

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## Mac—Gangbuster No. 1

By Ann Westmoreland



CENE: Littlevillage.

Time: Sunset.

Characters: Eleanor Eviner, a rich widow, who lives at "Eviner's Place," with one pet, Mac; Mary Ware, the town gossip, who is Eleanor's best friend and neighbor.

The sun was sinking slowly into the arms of the waiting hills as Eleanor hurried down the steps of "Eviner's Place." Mary as usual was standing at the fence, looking wistfully at Eleanor's house and wondering about the strange goings-on at that ancient domicile.

The mystery concerned not the much-employed ghost, but a pet of unknown species.

Mary turned her gaze reluctantly from the house.

"Whatever is the matter, Eleanor?" asked Mary as she noted the expression on her friend's face.

"I'm just going to have to get rid of Mac!"

"Oh, now don't be too hasty," advised Mary, with curiosity showing plainly upon her wrinkled countenance. "What has he or she or whatever it is done now?" She waited breathlessly for her friend to explain.





Eleanor ignored the obvious invitation to clear up the mystery. "Well, I'm going to get rid of him. Every day it's the same. War news for breakfast, 'Amos and Andy' for lunch, and 'Blondie' for dinner." Here her limited word supply ran out and she broke into incoherent phrases and continued indignantly down the street.

"First she argues about Mac, whatever he is, and then about the radio. If she dislikes the programs so much, why doesn't she cut the radio—".

An idea flashed into her brain and her face lit up with determination. Her curiosity and the satisfaction of proving her supposition to be accurate formed enough incentive to propel her to "Eviner's Place."

Before she could change her mind she was in the reception hall. She hesitated a minute, then hurried into the adjoining room.

"Ah ha! So I was right! A parrot!"

Yes, there sat a huge multi-colored parrot talking contentedly to himself. Evidently in a gay mood, he was telling jokes in a voice bearing an amazing resemblance to George Burns'.

"What is your brother's name?" he asked himself.

Gracie Allen's voice answered, "His name would be Jack is he were my brother, but she isn't and her name is Ruth."

Mary was laughing quietly to herself when she heard the door squeak on its ancient hinges. Could that be Eleanor returning already? Mary prepared herself for the inevitable verbal rebuff she would encounter from her friend, and walked sedately to the door. She started to speak, but her voice quavered and no sound came. For a masked man had sneaked through the door and was creeping steadily nearer to Eleanor's huge safe. Petrified by fear, Mary stood back against the wall. She could not move as his hands reached the safe. But his well-trained fingers never dialed the combination. From the other room a heavy, harsh voice hurled a command.

"Don't touch that dial!"

"What was dat?" asked the would-be bandit as he glanced around.

Mary squeezed herself closer to the wall and silently thanked her stars that she was not as fat as Eleanor.

"The Lone Ranger," answered the unpleasant voice in a reasonable facsimile of that noted personage's.

"De Lone Ranger," marveled the unkempt stranger, "an' Ma always told me never to believe what I read in de funnies. I'm gittin' out of here!"

Mary breathed a tiny sigh of relief, and moved her tall, thin frame out of the shadows. But she darted back to her hiding place as she saw him returning.



"De Lone Ranger, huh? Somebody left de radio on!" This was a plausible explanation and his courage returned. "Ha, ha! What a dope I was. Ha, ha!" He returned to the safe where his instruments still reposed on the floor, where they were neglected at his hasty departure.

"Ha, ha, yourself," echoed from the next room.

"Who's dat mocking me?" asked the thief. "Oh, dat radio. I'm gonna cut it off. It makes me nervous. Not dat I'm nervous, of course," he consoled himself, "but I just don't like that program."

He walked hastily by the frightened Mary with no suspicion of her presence.

"Now he'll see poor Mac and kill him," moaned Mary.

But Mac was a lucky bird! At the sound of strange footsteps entering his private domain, thoughts of the ship he had left when he came to live with Eleanor filled his mind, and he flew to a higher perch. Sailor language came back to him and he began to recall the old phrases he had learned then. He stood on the high old chest, with one foot uplifted, and glared in rage at the intruder.

"Well, I'll be a—"; here he emitted such incandescent words that Mary clamped her hands to her ears in horror.

The bandit looked around, but Mac was well-hidden by an antique plume-filled hat. The thief walked to the radio and looked at the dial hopefully. Then the hair on his head began a slow rise upward. The radio wasn't on. As this significant fact sank into his confused mind, a siren wailed and machine-gun fire followed in close intimacy. The thief took one more look at the radio and ran with the greatest possible speed out the nearest exit.

Mary heard a "swish" as he passed, and Mac's proud comment, "Gangbusters," and fainted.

Hours later, Eleanor sat listening to the revived Mary tell all about it in her squeaky voice.

"And the look on that man's face! I declare," and they both burst into simultaneous laughter.

At which, Mac, who had been imitating the invincible Macbeth, halted the famous soliloquy to shout haughtily, "'Tain't funny, Magee!"

P. S. They kept Mac!



# Verses

By Bob Winfield

## Never Again

When twelve was he, 'twas style's decree  
That boys' bare feet no one should see.  
They must be in his socks and leather,  
With no regard for time or weather.  
They'd sweat and swell and smart with pain,  
But never, bare, be seen again.

And when they'd burn, his thoughts would turn,  
To days gone by for which he'd yearn.  
When free, his feet could feel the earth,  
And when he'd romp and play in mirth.  
But now his feet, like beasts in pen,  
Are anxious to get out again.

## My Room

She is simply four walls and she's not very grand.  
She has windows through which my short  
sight may expand,

Where I watch sun and shadows and hear  
soft winds sigh

And I greet the fresh snow as she tip-toes on by.

She is simply four walls and she's not very grand,  
Yet she always extends me a welcoming hand.  
She responds to each mood be it bright, sad, or gay,  
And she never intrudes in the least sort of way.

She is simply four walls and she's so very small,  
Yet she gives calm for work, any duty at all,  
A haven for dreaming, for growth, and for rest,  
For my room of all rooms to me is the best.

## North Wind

The wind is high and is wild with rage,  
Held captive in his bar-fast cage.  
He roars and stalks, now back, now forth,  
In frigid frenzy from the North.

He snarls and roars and he roars again,  
And dashes here and shakes his mane,  
Until, his spirit still unbent,  
He quiets down exhausted and spent.



# Blighted by Falling Weather

By Kathleen Rahily



IT WAS COLD, bitterly cold, and it is almost an established fact that Washington is one of the coldest cities on earth and that the wind there reaches a higher velocity than anywhere else. It was snowing, too, not an honest, self-respecting, dry snow, but a sloppy, slushy, wet one. Weather like this is always so helpful in enhancing a girl's beauty. It usually dries your lips out, causing your lipstick to cake, adds a tint to the nose commonly associated with the habitual drinker, and as a final touch, makes each hair stand out the wrong way. And yet they say glamour is essential!

On this particular night when all the elements seemed to have conspired against me, I had a date with "him" for the basketball game. Naturally I was slow in dressing, and we were rather late getting started. Then, too, the fact that we had to stop at every traffic light between my aunt's home in Chevy Chase and the gym in downtown Washington didn't relieve the time situation any. We parked blocks from the building and practically ran to get there for the beginning of the game.

Of course, the only seats left were highly undesirable ones in the balcony wherein lies my story. This fateful gallery had a track around the outer edge of it with exceptionally well banked turns. Although I'm not an engineer, I would say that the turns, which, by the way, were directly in front of both entrances, were banked to an angle of approximately forty-five degrees. So far as I'm concerned this might as well have been ninety degrees, for even the elevation of ordinary sidewalks makes me dizzy if I think about it too much at the corner. However, it was necessary to cross this yawning chasm to get to the seats, and I set out blithely since there was no alternative. "He" stepped down and, once secure, gallantly offered his hand to me.

I was dressed in my best bib and tucker, for it is necessary to try to offset the ravages of the elements in some manner, and this included high heels (leather, too, not even with rubber tips). My education up to this point had not contained much experience with this article of feminine wearing apparel, and any woman will tell you that it does take practice to get used to them, especially when their perilousness is increased by a layer of damp snow caked on the bottom.

But to get back to the point, I disdained the outstretched hand, for I was an independent, athletic soul who could take care of myself—almost!



I stepped down with confident foot and kept going! My balance went down next; and in rapid succession my pride and I followed. I sprawled awkwardly at my idol's feet and felt like weeping. "He" was really a gentleman of the old school, for never once during the whole procedure did he even smile. But not so the rest of the people in the balcony! Everyone in sight shouted with laughter while I sat forlorn and blushing with two runs in my hose.

"He" picked me up and was most solicitous of my health, but it was no use. The evening was ruined! I was too embarrassed to stay and insisted on going home, basketball game or not. Thus ended what might have been a beautiful romance, for "he" evidently didn't think even love could conquer clumsiness and never asked me for another date.

## The March to the Front

By Norman Ende

The night was a pauper's coat,  
And rents were here and there.  
Just like the beggar's cloak  
That had seen too much of wear;  
And the clouds moved past to escape the blast  
Of the wolfish wind which was coming up fast.

The earth was a sea of mud  
As we traveled through the night.  
It sucked and swirled at our shoes  
As we plodded with all our might.  
Each step grew heavier than the last  
As the slush endeavored to hold us fast.

And through the darkness of space  
The burst of battle came,  
And with each falling bomb  
A structure was set aflame.  
There was gritting of teeth but never a cry,  
For we had an ideal for which to die.



# Whistle Breeches

By Jerry Sanders

“HEY, Red, wait up,” yelled Michael “Runt” O’Malley as he tore down Cat’s alley after the huge shuffling figure of “Red” Thompson, the town bully.



“Hey, Red, guess what,” panted Larkspur’s greatest snooper as he fell into stride with the larger boy.

“You’ve got the measles?” grunted Red, looking disinterested.

“Aw, naw. This is bad,” said “Runt.” “You know that old Mrs. Dalton that lives next door to Aunt Sue? Well, her grandson is here from France. He ran away from the Germans, the coward. I haven’t seen him yet, but I heard his name and that’s enough. It’s Pe-er-r-r Mar-tel. Have you ever heard anything to beat that? I’ll bet he’s some kinda sissy with a name like that,” gasped the smaller boy, being out of breath by this time.

“How old is he?” grunted Red, visioning a new victim for his tormenting.

“I reckon he’s about as old as you ’n me, but I’ll bet he ain’t got no sense, ’cause he’s a furriner,” replied Runt.

By this time the two boys had reached the end of Cat’s alley and had started down the narrow street with a few wooden buildings crowded together on each side, which was considered the main street of Larkspur, a typical little country town of North Carolina. After a block of silence Runt and Red reached a small brick building, set back in a grove of ancient oak trees which one could tell at first glimpse was the school house. Their “little red school house” was the object of much pride in Larkspur, and the older citizens flatly refused to allow a more modern one to be put in its place. There still stood the huge old bell on a stout cedar post in the middle of the grass-forsaken yard, but it was never used except as a target in the daily sling-shot contests.





The first thing that struck the eyes of Red and Runt as they walked up the gravel walk back of the school was a crowd of boys clustered at the front entrance.

"Oh, boy," exclaimed "Runt," tossing his book under one of the oaks. "I just remembered that Aunt Sue said that this Pe-er-r-r was coming to school today. I sure want to get a look at him."

For the first time since—well, just since—Red quickened his pace or shuffle, and when he reached the edge of the group, the boys—for all of the girls were standing on the steps looking at the center of the crowd and sighing wistfully—opened up a path for Red as if in anticipation of some fun.

A little urchin to whom Red was a god whispered huskily to a neighbor, "Wait'l Red sees him. Then look out for fireworks."

A figure, disregarding the guarded remarks of "Velvet pants. Wow!", "Look at that sissy-looking collar," and the ohs and ahs (from the girls of course) stepped out and accosted the red-headed boy.

Red could only gape, first at his well-kept hair and smooth intelligent face, then at his neat "Peter Pan" collar which topped a trim blue coat, and last at his velvet pants and short ankle socks. "I'm seeing things," he muttered dumbly. "That ain't no boy."

At that moment the bell rang and Runt whispered to a nearby member of the shoving, pushing throng at the door, "He was saved by the bell, but that was only the first round. Just wait."

The object of the talk of the town took an empty seat between Runt and Red amid the latter's remarks of "Whistle-bitches," "Panty waist," "Sissy," and the like, but not knowing the meaning of the slang he ignored them.

Red kept up his chatter all day; that is, when the teacher wasn't looking, but Pierre paid no attention and listened only to the teacher. Runt, who had struggled hard to get to the head of the class, now saw his chances fade as the outsider answered almost every question that the teacher asked.

Irritated by this and angered by Pierre's indifference to the teasing remarks of Red and a few others who had now taken it up, Runt decided to take matters in his own hands and tell his rival the meaning of the taunts which were now coming at him from every side.

While he was doing this, however, he became careless and let the teacher see him, for which carelessness he must pay by staying after school. This pained Runt, both having to miss the exciting things that



were expected after school and having his pride hurt by getting caught talking.

He did not hear anything else concerning "Sissy" Martel that day, since the school was empty when he was at last released by the teacher and he went directly home. But the next morning after the usual dash down Cat's alley after Red, Runt yelled to him, "Hey, Red, how're you 'n Whistle Britches coming along?"

But Red greatly surprised Runt by saying heatedly, "Don't call him that. He's a good egg."

"What?" exclaimed the smaller boy, as they reached the main street and met two other boys. "I thought you didn't like him."

"He didn't," exclaimed one of the other boys gleefully, "until yesterday, and since then he can't afford to dislike him."

"Oh boy! You ought to have seen him swing that right. Red hit the ground a mile a minute," put in the other.

Then for the first time Runt looked up into Red's face and saw there an eye that was very black and a chin that was very badly bruised, just as the larger boy moaned, "That guy sure can swing his dukes."

Then one of the other boys, looking superior said, "He can that and he's promised to teach boxing to me and Jimmy here."

"Yeah," put in Jimmy as they turned into the school yard, "and fencing too."

## Freedom

By Martha Lunsford

To be free as the birds in the heavens adrift,  
To be free as the fish in the deep, tranquil sea,  
To be free as the bees in pursuit of their thrift,  
Is the wish of my heart, unsurpassed, to be free.

To be free as a tree as it stands calm and staid,  
To be free as a flow'r in a field free from care,  
To be free as a child when at night it is laid  
In its crib, so I dream, ah, only despair!

To be free as a stream in the woods gurgling by,  
To be free as the whispering winds as they blow,  
To be free as the clouds as they float through the sky,  
Is the uttermost wish that my heart could know.







# America Singing—1941

*"I Hear America Singing."*—WALT WHITMAN

## The Song of America

By Bob McIlwaine

America is awaking at last,  
Awaking from sweet dreams of the past.  
And as she wakes, she sings a song,  
Destined to right a world of wrong.

The factories run both day and night,  
And workmen strain with all their might,  
Amid the clang and bang and noise,  
Needed to make destructive toys.  
Down in the field the reaper sings  
And mows the grain for better things.  
Radios blare with constant sound  
And voices are carried the world around.  
Martial music pounds each ear  
And stirs the souls of those who hear.  
With a humming sound the presses roar  
And turn out papers by the score.  
The newsboys yell the latest news  
And a bedlam of shouts and cries ensues.  
The radical stands with back to wall.  
With a hare-brained scheme to settle it all.  
With shrieking shouts he cries aloud  
And swiftly raises a motley crowd,  
While in the nation's capital seat  
Arguments rise to fever heat.  
War-mongers cry aloud for strife  
Disregarding human life.  
Behind locked doors a way is planned  
To wage war both an sea and land,  
While silent, shady, whispering men  
Strike and prepare to strike again  
And throw this melodious symphony  
Into complete discordancy.



Yet o'er all this the church bells toll  
And the doors are opened to every soul.  
The anthems ring as the people sing  
And busy cares aside they fling.  
The strife may come with chastening rod,  
Yet America will not forget her God.

## The Song of the Slums

By Betty Crutchfield

Slums, slums, slums!  
How many sons of man  
Are nurtured in your breast!  
What heartbreak it brings  
To think of wasted lives  
That never pass the confines  
Of your barrier so varied.

Down the cluttered street  
Screams the shrill siren  
Of the homicide squad.  
Just another poor devil  
"Who couldn't take it"  
Is the hardened verdict  
Of the "cop" on the beat.

Many an angry shout  
Of a drunken father  
Beating a helpless child  
Being ever a beast;  
Drunken curses against  
The little that is beautiful  
As a child's devotion.

Happy, carefree, children  
Knowing naught of life,  
Playing in the street.  
Dirty, little ragmuffins  
With a sort of charm  
That tugging at the heart strings  
Brings desire to lift them up.



Housewives whispering  
Soiling this and that.  
Small children wailing  
To weary, work-worn mothers  
Toiling life away.  
Venders calling wares,  
Enticing with the cheap.

Coupon-bought radios  
Blaring out with jazz.  
Here a happy dreamer  
With sobbing violin,  
There the cruising taxi  
With a raucous horn.

Pool balls clicking  
And the snap of dice;  
The pool room's open door,  
The idlers by the bar,  
Wasting precious money  
Hastening life away.

Slums though you are,  
Still you exist.  
And through your make-up  
Runs that throb of life  
Which poverty and want  
Can never, never quench.

## The Song of Education

By Thomas Stafford

I can hear the school bell ringing  
And a thousand voices singing;  
'Tis American youth a-marching, marching on.  
Hear the campus gaily humming  
And the feet a-noisily drumming;  
There's a yearning for more learning, learning on.  
It's the goal of most creation;  
It can make or break a nation.  
'Tis the best, this education; study on.



# The Song of the Workers

By William Pursell

Music is the muted rumbling of hand trucks,  
Friendly toward those who know the spell of a lofty  
house of wares  
'Mid whose dark towering stacks and columns well-known  
echoes seek for cover.  
Through the still shaft seething blue flies hover,  
As from door to door the iron wheels beat across  
the knotted floor,  
Each loaded freight car to supply.

Clanging marks the run-way of steel,  
And tearing paper proclaims the day's long task  
for truck hands,  
All those dusky creatures of strength who pack down  
sacks or bales  
Where their gems of sweat fall on goods of far lands.  
Eventide comes to close the doors.  
Yet their rhythmic chants echo in memory.

# The Song of the Farmlands

By Thomas Styles

In early spring when birds are singing  
And farmers start to break the ground,  
The plows against the stones are ringing  
As they crunch and slice with a smothered sound  
Through soil and grass and weeds upspringing.

In summer months when through the soil  
The plants and vines have pushed their way,  
The farmer's paid for his long toil  
With food and rest at the end of the day;  
At peace far from the world's turmoil.

The autumn comes with a swish of grain;  
The rows of the reapers seem to say  
The crops are coming in again,  
Some day they'll make the people pray  
That the work on a farm is not in vain.

# The Song of the Freighters

By Wirt Wills

Each man is hurrying this way or that  
On a freighter waiting, grimy and gray,  
For creaking cranes her hold to load,  
To bear her cargo factory way.

This ship is a wild and living beast,  
Its engine his madly pounding heart.  
With thrilling throbs it wildly beats,  
Eager and straining its journey to start.

With sibilant sounds of escaping steam,  
With a clashing, clanging, clamor of steel  
It proudly swings its hull to sea—  
Is riding the waves on even keel.

I hear America singing in it.  
I see a gleam the pride of a nation;  
America rushing preparedness work  
Effecting Liberty's consummation.

# The Song of the Railroads

By Norman Ende

O, iron rails and roads of the nation  
Which carry the country's blood,  
In this your race with Father Time  
To hold back the tyrant's flood,  
Across the desert and through the plains  
Your pace grows ever faster.  
You fight the makers of the past  
To save us from disaster.

And as the engineer slows down  
As he sees the turn ahead,  
So America, the future watch,  
And in treachery be not led.  
As your pulse does quicken in every beat,  
So will the nation fare.  
See that no cog may stop your wheels.  
America, beware.



# The Song of the Automobiles

By Ophelia Whittle

The sound of America on the highways  
Is the steady swish of passing cars,  
The drone of the engine on hilly byways,  
The screeching sound and the stop that jars,  
Or the rolling rhythm of wheels revolving  
As they move out of sight, their sound dissolving.

# The Song of the Airplanes

By Jimmy Mason

High upon the blue horizon  
Some tiny distant specks appear,  
And, joined by more of equal measure,  
Fast magnify as they draw near.

A faint and whirring drone is heard,  
Like angry hornets robbed of home,  
Who, driven from secure abode,  
Among the gilded heavens roam.

On graceful wings they sweep the skies,  
These man-made birds of super frame;  
They roar in flight formations by,  
While lusty cheers their fame proclaim.

They are our nation's flying fort,  
The pride and joy of Uncle Sam;  
A part of his protecting might  
The flow of menacing hordes to dam.

# The Song of Friendship

By Bob Winfield

Respond to the call! Respond to the call!  
You lovers of freedom; you lovers of right,  
For the need of Britain awakens in all  
A firm resolution to help in the fight,  
And to give of your best, lest democracy fall.

Respond to the cry! Respond to the cry!  
From those who are struggling far over the sea,  
That on us Great Britain may surely rely  
For aid and support to the utmost degree.  
We should not, and shall not stand idly by.

Respond to the need! Respond to the need!  
You haters of might; you haters of tyrants,  
And firmly replant lost democracy's seed,  
By sending them aid and affording reliance.  
They are calling, America! Take heed!

# The Song of the Camps

By Lucy L. Willcox

A tyrant threatens our freedom and peace  
Which we hold dearer than life,  
And quickly there is a call to arms  
To prepare us for the strife.  
The fever of war is spread, and with plans  
For defense our country is rife.

To teach our youth the arts of war,  
We've builded camps in each state;  
And the tramping of feet of the men as they march  
Is heard both early and late.  
They arise at dawn to the bugle's call,  
And a strenuous day is their fate.

The shouts of the officers ring through the air,  
As the soldiers fall in line;  
The chatter and clash of pots and pans  
Resound from the place where they dine;  
The rumble of trucks, the honking of horns  
Are of life in camp a design.



## The Song of the Negroes

By Betty Burgess

I hear the darkies singing,  
Sonorous tones so deep;  
The resonant voices mellow  
As little ones fall asleep.

I hear the cotton-pickers  
When their evening toil is done,  
Returning to their cabins  
As slowly dips the sun.

Then on into twilight dreamy  
I hear religious strains;  
No doubt that God their Maker  
Hears too the glad refrains.

## The Song of Ideals

By Anne Pointer

I hear a clear melodious sound,  
A perfect tune, the musician's dream,  
A gurgling brook, the rustling wind,  
Ah yes, and love, the poet's theme;  
I see a landscape, sunset red,  
A rosy moon, the painter's scheme.

I hear the rustling fields of corn  
The hum of the reaper, the farmer's delight,  
The lowing herd on the dairyman's farm;  
All this too is a glorious sight;  
I hear the clanging, clashing of steel,  
And behold the bridge, the product of might.

And then I hear a kettle sing,  
A baby's cry, a mother's aim;  
These are ideals of our great land.  
There is one ideal in all hearts the same,  
To have freedom of life, of love, and of hope,  
And happiness rather than ill-won fame.

# The Song of the Free

By Patty Guerrant

America, America,  
I would that I might raise  
To you, fair friend of liberty,  
A hymn of endless praise—

Whose flag has never known defeat,  
Whose men are of that clan  
Who own the fatherhood of God  
And brotherhood of man.

America, America,  
Blessed bulwark of the free,  
In youth, in age, in life, in death,  
I pledge my love to thee.





# Scenic Wisconsin

By Junior Martinsen



WISCONSIN, the "Land of Lakes," appears glorious through all seasons of the year. In early spring, when trailing arbutus blossom on rocky hillsides, when violets leap up in mosses or lowlands, when songbirds return to rest in leafing trees and spring-fed streams race through meadows, the quest for thrills in Wisconsin's out-of-doors receives its first great impulse. Then summer comes, and the search turns to adventure in the mysterious stillness of — northern woods, where cool breezes gust over pine-fringed lakes.

Wherever the search leads, new beauty is discovered. It is that way in the fall when leaves take on colors and the entire state is transformed into a canvas for the most exquisite paintings of the Creator. When winter comes snows cover the state "with a silence deep and white," cleansing the air and making forests, hills, and roadsides incredibly beautiful.

There is a little bit of all the world in Wisconsin. Cities as modern as tomorrow, pathless forests of the far frontiers, rivers that rival the Rhine in beauty, alpine meadow lands, rugged, rocky crags and buttes of the mountain regions, the Apostle Islands comparable to Japan's famous Matsushima, and a lake region, with lakes ranging in size from inland seas to small ponds, such as no other section in all the world can boast. You will marvel at the wealth of scenic attractions, rolling hills and quiet valleys, rocky crags, purling streams and roaring rivers.

In the minds of many fishermen, Wisconsin is regarded as the foremost fishing state in the country and is often called "The Fisherman's Paradise." There are 7,000 lakes and 10,000 miles of trout streams, all well stocked. In regard to the muskellunge, king of fresh water game fish, Wisconsin unquestionably stand alone. Some of the lakes of Wisconsin are:

"Straight Lake, Crooked Lake,  
Narrow Lake and Flat;  
Bear, and Deer, and Beaver Lakes;  
Fox and Wolf and Cat.  
Otter, Moose, and Elk Lakes;  
Boulder, Rocks and Stone;  
Boot, and Shoe, and Elbow Lakes;  
And Limb, and Rib, and Bone.

Pickrel, Trout, and Bass Lakes,  
And Muskellunge, and Perch,  
Maple, Pine, and Balsam Lakes,  
Butternut and Birch.  
Mosquito, Fly, and Spider Lakes;  
Yellow, Red, and Black;  
John's and George, and Willy Lakes,  
Casey, Dan and Jack . . . "

In addition to Wisconsin's scenic assets, her folk-lore and Indian legends, as well as her romantic history, read like beautiful romances.

# Battle of the Wits

By Mary Ruth Carroll

“AND when I hear you call  
So softly to me—”



Anne was gloriously off-tune, but she was enjoying it. Her eyes laughed at herself.

“If I couldn’t sing any better than that, I think I’d keep quiet!”

Anne turned quickly to retort, but she only raised her eyebrows and said sweetly—too sweetly, “Aren’t you sweet!—the ideal brother! When I want your criticism, I shall ask for it. It so happens that I, for the moment, wished to use my lungs for my own pleasure. I do not intend making vocalism my career!”



“That’s good—otherwise you’d starve! No, let’s see, you could get on Major Bowes’ Hour. I can hear it now. After you begin, he’ll probably say into the mike, ‘Folks, you may not believe it, but this noise is really coming from a human being!’”

Anne laughed in spite of herself. She had no illusions that she could sing. But why should everyone object so strenuously when she so seldom tried, she thought.

Terrence laughed too as he continued, “I don’t see how you do it. Really I don’t,” then quite seriously added “—and it doesn’t even seem to hurt you!”

A sofa pillow, very well aimed, muffled his speech somewhat, but undaunted, his smiling mouth rattled on. “I’m sorry for you—I really am—” his voice became louder so that it could be heard over Anne’s do, re, mi version of “Country Gardens.” “I hate to see anybody that bad off!”

“I don’t care what you think of it. It doesn’t matter to me in the least.”

“Uh—may I inquire just what you sing?”

“I sing soprano.”

“Sounds more like banana to me. It’s just too amusing!”



"Then at least you attribute the power of amusing people to me."

"Has anyone heard you sing in church?"

Mischief sparkled in her eyes as she replied, "Yes, they even turned around to listen Sunday."

"Now you're tryin' to be cute."

"—and succeeding." Then suddenly she changed her mood and spoke almost pleadingly, "Oh, come now, I can't sing—I make no pretense to—but I can act! You wait and see! Listen!"—and off she went into Portia's "Mercy Speech." She was doing very nicely too until she glanced at her brother to see just how overwhelmed he was. He wasn't overwhelmed, however. He was grinning—not even smiling—he was grinning from ear to ear! When Anne looked at him—for she did have a sense of humor—she giggled irresistably, which of course Portia would never have done. Her more than amused brother she accused, "You are so funny. I never before thought how amusing you look!"

"See, you can't even act," said the accused completely ignoring the charge. "You should have been able to continue on in spite of amusing faces."

Anne ignored this uncomplimentary statement and began again.

"Oh, heavens, I'm going—and find some peace." Terry started for the door when Anne ceased her oration abruptly. Like a mischievous sprite she took up his last word.

"Peace, peace, but there is no peace. The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms, and so forth. Where're you going?"

"Oh, to look 'n see if I can find my tennis racquet. I'd still like to see you have vocal lessons. As it is, it's too, too pitiful!"

"Oh-h-h, you, you—never mind, it isn't in the dictionary!"

Slam! The door perhaps from the pressure on it or perhaps from habit closed quickly.

"Tennis," she thought, "at this time of year? Hm-m—doesn't sound like—hm-m—come now, Watson, our clue is obvious!"

And off she skipped to the basement. So eager was she upon her hunt that she nearly fell, but clutching the rail she did the not unusual. She giggled,

"Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall  
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall.

"But that's silly. I won't—not this time anyway—for methinks me hears a woodpecker—or perhaps me brother Terry."

It was Terrence. So engrossed was he in his work that he failed to see a blonde head peep around the corner.

Tack, tack, tack went the hammer. Squeech, squeech, squeech went the rub of wood on concrete.

"If I couldn't make a better radio table than that, I think I'd quit."

It was Terry's time to turn—unprepared for a retort.

"Aren't you too sweet—an ideal sister!" he mocked. "Well, it so happens I'm doing it for my own pleasure. At least I am where no one will be bothered by it"—the latter with marked emphasis.

"Oh, well, I dare say at the county fair one might give credence to the fact that possibly—mind you, possibly—its plans were conceived in the brain of a human being."

Terry looked upon his handiwork. No, it wasn't very stable—nor pretty. One leg was slightly shorter than the others. This caused it to rock unmercifully. Anne certainly wasn't any balm for a sore heart, for she only giggled.

"You—you—never mind, it isn't in the dictionary," he mimicked, his sense of humor having overcome any other emotion. Then in despair he dropped his tools. "Oh, Hector!"

"—Achilles and the walls of Troy. They were there too, you know," chimed in the ever resourceful Anne.

"I don't suppose you'd even consider not telling about that deformed branch (pointing to the table leg) would you?" this very sarcastically.

"Dear Brother, sarcasm is the spice of life—if it doesn't get too spicy! However, let's discuss terms."

"Terms! You speak as if we were having a council of war!"

"Aren't we, really?" asked the unruffled Anne—with much too sugary tones for the subject in question.

"I don't see any pros and cons. However from your attitude I guess there's more here than meets the eye. Undoubtedly I sometimes believe you to be,

'The villian with a smiling cheek!'"

"Well, dear," (the emphasis on "dear" excluded any tendency toward affection) "here are my terms: You don't appreciate my—uh—shall we call it vocal talent?—and I would hate for the gang to know how poor a craftsman you are—why Jane's brother made a rowboat last summer."

"You also forget to mention that it sank on its maiden voyage," declared Terry.

Womanlike, Anne brushed this minor objection away with a mere "That doesn't matter. Let's get back to the point. I won't mention your lack of artistic ability, if you promise to do the same concerning me. How about it?"

"But, heck, you know you can't sing!"



"True. You also know you're no carpenter."

"Very well—but I do not agree willingly—"

"Nor does that matter—from now on silence!" commanded the avenging goddess. Then quite like her rapid change of moods she was once again laughing—this time in a friendly way.

"Now that our battle of wits is over, I'll tell you something. We're having some of Lily's very bestest butterscotch pies for dinner."

"I forgive you for all past misdeeds! Come on. I'll race you upstairs!"

And so ended at least one of the battle of wits or nit-wits—or what you will!



## To a Ghost Town

By William Pursell

Do you cherish within, where no tramp can poach,  
A vital desire 'pon which none may encroach?  
Does a trusting pulse, through this dull discontent,  
To a hope of revival, beat loud in lament?  
Does your soul through a misty-eyed blur scan each  
Weak observer in reach, for release to beseech?

With the sultry days, in creep the long hairs  
Of lawns where mice dare build their lairs.  
Through the eddying dust, you fitfully doze,  
To rouse in each thunderous storm, we suppose  
To loosen the sticky and indolent flies,  
Like the lazy mongrel, so loath to rise.

You need never be down 'neath the visitor's frown;  
For all your misusage, you once wore a crown.  
But now, to your splintered, unpainted sides, torn,  
Who turns to look, to inquire, and to mourn?  
Your proud general store no crude laughter rocks more;  
Tin signs slap with wind; just shades rattle the door.

# An Embarrassing Moment

By William Pursell



IF there has ever been anything more horrible than to be caught, unsuspecting, in a bargain-day sale, spare me the knowledge. Any nightmare pales besides my fear of such a fate. Bargain-day is that particular period for which housewives store up, for months, all their unexpressed fury at family and servants. It may become invaluable to a woman's health to have such an outlet. Feeling the way I do, I have always been content to waste the few cents extra which an ordinary shopping day requires rather than risk life and limb, but most of all, my brotherly love for mankind, at a sale.

Let it be known that I was lured into the midst of a white sale and assaulted by its madness as an innocent bystander. Entering a department store, seeking a peculiar shade of thread for my mother, I could not have missed the sight of a hundred women swarming around one table. I guessed the cause of the spectacle, but pressed on to my errand with dismayed heart. My purchase had not been made when suddenly the body of shoving, bargain-seekers broke formation and turned, to a man, to face a table of pillow cases which lay directly behind me. I am sure no cow-puncher, menaced by stampede of a herd, ever felt more panic than I. The steaming crowd rolled by, and around, but mostly over. Women may be weaker, but man never used his elbows or nails more proficiently than the average member of this convention.

When I felt that the worst was past, I re-arranged my clothes, picked up my books, and began to hope I might escape, thus lightly punished. The thread was in my hand, but my money not exchanged when a lady swept up with a sleeping baby in her arms. One knew her to be a kindred spirit to the bargain-hunters by her hurried air and the gleam in her left eye. Looking past me, the woman extended the baby in my general direction and deserted it. Suddenly the baby was in my arms rather than on the floor, but only by luck.

I'll never know how it happened, for I heard only a desolate sigh when the woman realized that one table had been emptied of bargains. My conscience must have taught me the role of baby-tender, which she intended for me, and ordered me to forestall tragedy. The woman whom I supposed to be its mother had completely released her hold on the child.

The narrowly averted fall had awakened my new charge, and the lofty building rang with squeaks and groans. I suspected that my inexperience was just as deplorable to the baby as to myself, for the discomfort which my grip imposed was growing evident and audible. A tremulous sob developed into a full-grown wail. Scores of people stared, but none of-



ferred aid. At a loss for a more practical idea to relieve the tense moment, I sought for the mother, but she was doing valiant battle over a set of yellowed pillow cases, and was completely minus reason.

The saleswoman who had helped me returned with my change, giggled maddeningly, and fled. Two high school girls took a post across the wide aisle, snickered, and watched me guardedly. The baby became heavier, and as I adjusted my cramped arms, its blankets loosened and dropped to the floor. My temperature rose rapidly; that of the baby dropped, due to exposure.

When my patience and stamina were near exhaustion, the mother appeared beside me, heavily burdened with pillow cases. "O! you just don't know how much help you've been to me," she babbled, and murderous instincts, hitherto unknown, surged in my mind. At her next utterance, however, I subsided. "Now, just follow me, and bring Junior. I'll show you his carriage, and you can just lay him down while I carry these linens to the wrapping counter." I was nonplused, but I obeyed stupefied.

It can't happen here? But it did. I have witnesses to my prolonged stay in the store. I arrived home, five minutes late, they being the longest five minutes in my lifetime. Please understand. I entered that store with malice toward no human being. Under the influence of bargain-day, I rapidly degenerated to a cynic.

## Blight

By Peggy Hamner

The new buds sprouting,  
And the joyous rain,  
And the lilacs bending  
By a country lane;

And the pale fair kiss  
On the deep night's face  
That's called a moon,  
And the dainty lace

Of a new cocoon,  
And laughter; and song.  
And the color of roses  
And the perfume strong:

All these beauties  
Are ugly to me,  
Because they're mindful  
Of a long lost he.

# Indian Joe

By Georgie Hartle



AM the wooden Indian who stands in front of the general store in the little western village of Sesquaw. The proprietor of the store, Mr. Perry, is just an ordinary country gentleman, head of just about every civic organization in these parts. He's generally taken as being the town supervisor, but because of his modesty, he generously relinquished the office of mayor to Mr. Grimson.

Mr. Grimson is naturally the little, gossipy busy-body in Sesquaw. And naturally, too, he wears his long black coat with shiny tails, silk hat, and glasses on a flowing black ribbon. Since the good citizens of Sesquaw can't get rid of him, they tolerantly put up with him—that's why Mr. Perry gave him the Mayor's office—pure sympathy. Everyone says that sympathy will be Mr. Perry's undoing, but he merely laughs and quotes a few passages; that usually stops them for the time being. They are about the two most important people in town. The ladies of the village are important according to their husband's rank; therefore it is hardly necessary to say that Mrs. Perry and Mrs. Grimson are always trying to get ahead of each other, and thus keep the other women pretty much on the go all the time.

It's strange how people pick up ways and habits. Take me, for instance. When I was first cut from wood, I talked like an Indian, thought like an Indian, and, in fact, I was an Indian. Then Mr.

Perry bought me and stood me here in front of his store. That was about seven or eight years ago. Listening to all the people who come in and out of the store and silently conversing with Mr. Perry has completely changed me. Of course, I can't talk, but I can hear and draw my own conclusions. That little boy, Billy, for instance, is a great friend of mine. He delivers newspapers, but he writes in his spare time. He and Big Spot, his dog, sit on the steps here for hours at a time while he scribbles down stories about Indians and cowboys. I overheard Mrs. Perry tell another woman that she





thinks I am the best company in the world for little Billy—I keep him from getting into mischief, and therefore save his sick mother from a lot of worry. I'm glad I can be of some help.

Mrs. Grimson reads a great deal, but she selects books too deep for her narrow-minded mentality and usually gets everything mixed up. Then she severely criticises every word she can't understand. Sometimes I wonder if she objects to me. She once started a petition to force Mr. Perry to discard me when the community was having a local "Beautify Your Property" week. Mr. and Mrs. Perry and Billy and his mother and a great many other people took up for me, though, and the petition never really got started before it was liquidated. I like that word "liquidated." I picked that and several other phrases up from a lawyer who was once here from Salt Lake City. He was a "miscreant" (another good word) if there ever was one. When he first came here, everyone thought he was lovely. Mr. Grimson welcomed him at the station with the High School band, introduced him to all the clubs and treated him king-like. All the ladies' clubs made him honorary president; he spoke at some sort of meeting every day and dined at someone's home every night. He was supposed to be a very well-known, well-paid lawyer. He rented the most conspicuous place in town and set up his office; for a staff of "helpers" he had four or five men who looked more like professional pugilists than secretaries. It was generally believed that he came to represent a firm that wanted to buy some land neighboring Mr. Perry's home on the edge of town. The firm was in partnership with a bus line that wanted to build a refueling station there, but they needed more land and were trying to buy a strip of Mr. Perry's property.

How well I remember the first time Mr. Leighton (the lawyer) came to see Mr. Perry. He was dressed loudly in a checkered suit, derby hat, and was carrying a cane and gloves even though the thermometer registered ninety-four. He strutted cock-of-the-walk fashion up the street, fully aware that all eyes were turned on him. He started in stately fashion up the half-dozen steps to the store when Big Spot, who was sunning himself on the porch, suddenly growled and showed his teeth viciously. This was unusual because Big Spot was a friendly creature. Mr. Leighton walked very close to the edge of the steps to avoid Big Spot when he tripped over my pedestal and fell face-down in the sand. Mr. Perry came rushing forth showering apologies on him, but the unruffled Mr. Leighton arose, meticulously brushing the dust off his derby. He regarded Mr. Perry coldly, accepted his apology, but rebuked him for keeping such an eye-sore and hazard to public safety as I, especially in these modern times. Mr. Perry made no excuse for his "strange behavior," but a strange light came into

his eye when the lawyer glared ominously at me. They went inside and talked, Mr. Leighton's voice rising and falling almost rhythmically, his well-chosen words floating out through the door. He left several hours later, regarding me with open hostility as though he would like to see me chopped up and used for kindling wood. I noticed Mr. Perry was watching him, too.

Several days later, a big shiny automobile with some important-looking people drove up to the general store and several of them got out and came in. Mr. Perry greeted them seriously, spoke with them in a low voice and then they all drove off together in the direction of Mr. Leighton's office.

The next morning little Billy came earlier than usual and sat cross-legged on the porch, waiting for Mr. Perry to come out and have his morning talk with him. When Mr. Perry did come, Billy jumped up and down and begged him to tell him all about "it." Mr. Perry laughed merrily and began by saying: "Well, Billy, our old friend here, Indian Joe, did me a great favor. I was suspicious of Mr. Leighton from the first, but when Indian Joe tripped him up, I knew he must be no good. So, I went to the city to a branch of the bus line, checked upon him, and found that he was charging the bus line double for the property. He was going to misrepresent the price to me and pocket the profit. The men who were here yesterday were officials from the bus company. We've got the whole business cleared up now, but it was really Indian Joe who made up my mind."

"Gee, Mr. Perry, that's great," Billy said. "Did you hear about my good news? Indian Joe gave me a swell idea for an Indian story, so I entered it in a five hundred dollar contest for the best child's short story. I won the prize and now mother can really have the money she needs to buy medicine to get well. Indian Joe is my pal from now on!"

Well, sir, it's mighty fine to know that an old Indian like me can have such a nice influence on other people's lives.



# Yearnings

By Richard Taylor

## A Man's Prayer

Give me the open field, the flowing brook,  
The songs of birds, a tree, a shady nook.  
Give me a trusty gun with aim so true,  
The fleecy clouds, the rain, the sky so blue.

Let me hear the crack of the gun, the singing reel.  
The booming surf, the wind, the call so real.  
Let me hear the roaring wind, the tempest's blast,  
The silent woods, the pines, a swaying mast.

Let me see the running deer that never tires,  
The thousand gleamings of nature's thousand fires.  
Give me this, oh Maker of all that I see,  
Give me this and let me be close to Thee!

## A Stream

Look at the tumbling, bubbling stream,  
As it falls and glides swiftly through valleys agleam;  
Why does it tumble and sparkle and glide?  
'Tis the blood of the mountains gone out with the tide.

Here we see pools where the swift fishes play.  
There we see rapids reflecting the day.  
'Tis night and out comes all the life of the stream,  
With bull-frogs and crickets 'neath soft starlight's gleam.

Oh, for the life of a wandering stream,  
This would be perfect to me it would seem.  
Give me the valley, the soft shady wood.  
I could roll on; yes, sir, truly I could.

# An Uncomfortable Dinner

By Jimmy O'Donnell



URING the Christmas holidays one of my friends asked me to have dinner with him at his home. Having made no previous engagement, I accepted. I knew this was going to be a terrible ordeal since they usually had a six course dinner complete with after-dinner coffee and finger bowls. On my way home I tried to figure out which fork, spoon, and knife I would use with each course. Finally I decided to let nature take its course.

We were going to a formal dance later. Not possessing a tux, I had to borrow my father's with the hope that it would fit. After about an hour of hard struggle I managed to wriggle into it, to get the bow tied, and was ready to meet, what I thought, my doom.

Upon arriving, I was met at the door by the negro butler who immediately after taking my hat and coat thrust a cocktail in my hand. Since I did not drink, I looked for some place to pour it. I found just the place, and if the opportunity presented itself I could dispose of it. Finally my chance came, and when no one was looking, I poured the drink into the umbrella stand.

After what seemed an eternity of waiting, a bell rang. It sounded like a fire bell and I almost started to get my hat and coat and run before I realized it was the dinner bell. However, I went into the dining room where I was seated next to my friend's grandmother and to the left of his mother.

After we were seated the butler brought in the entree. It looked like "shadow stew" to me, but I found out later it was consomme. By some miracle I managed to do away with part of it. While the rest of the dinner was being brought in, the family started eating their salad. I, too, started, but which fork to use? Nervously, I glanced at his mother's fork. She was using the small one. Where was it? By the time I found it my salad had been taken away. Instead the main course was placed in front of me.

"Why," I asked myself, "didn't I eat something before I came?"

It was too nice a dinner not to enjoy, but I couldn't. My collar was beginning to get tight and with each swallow it became worse. If only this dinner would end I would be the happiest person in the world. If only someone would say something instead of just sitting, eating, and staring, maybe I could manage to eat a few mouthfuls of food. Next thing I knew my plate had been taken away too, and there sat my dessert. I started on



that right away. I was hungry, and I was taking no chance of its being taken away before I had a chance to look at it.

At last it was over. We actually were leaving the table. I was just as hungry, or maybe more so, as when I sat down at the table. I swore softly to myself, "Never again will I go on another adventure like this!" How people could enjoy eating that way was beyond me.

Able to stand it no longer, I thanked them for the dinner and made my apologies for having to leave so soon. I stepped into the keen cool of the December night gladly. The fresh air seemed to be a "God send." I untied my bow and started for Hilltop and a hamburger.



## Life

By Anne Pointer

I sat beside a babbling brook  
And watched the gentle flowing stream;  
Shadows flitted here and there,  
And then, behold, I saw a gleam;  
A glittering gleam in the shady shallows,  
It seem'd to be a diamond fair;  
I reach'd my hand to catch the gem,  
But then, it was no longer there.

"Such is life with its sin and strife,"  
I thought as I looked at my empty hand.  
A dream courses through our muddled brain,  
And in that dream, a golden strand;  
That golden strand is a ray of hope  
Which should bring light into some heart,  
And hard we clasp with an iron grasp,  
Then find it was futile from the start.

# Surprise

By Viola Aldridge



HE telephone on the studio wall buzzed discreetly. Ray Acree put down the book he was reading and groaned. That would be Susie Dean coming for her dancing lesson. Ray surveyed the toes of his well-polished shoes ruefully. By the time the lesson was over, he knew, they would be scuffed beyond recognition and his patience would be worn to the breaking point. The last time Ray had been there Susie had demonstrated an uncanny faculty for stepping on his favorite oxfords. And all week he had had nightmares when he remembered how she had nearly fallen on her face while she was trying to execute the right turn in the waltz.

The incredible part of it was that she was built so exactly like a dancer, he thought, as following closely on the announcement from the office she made her appearance in the doorway. She was slim, with the long legs and stream-lined figure that in his past experience had always indicated grace and facility of motion. But by some incredible metamorphosis, as soon as the music began and they had taken the position for dancing, she suddenly became all angles, and her hands and feet moved with the stilted jerkiness of a marionette on strings.

"Good afternoon," Susie said brightly from the doorway. "I'm afraid I'm a bit late—"

"That's quite all right," he answered politely. "I hope you've been practicing your waltz."

"Oh, yes. I gave you a bad half-hour last time, didn't I? But I think I have it now. I practiced strenuously for an hour every day."

"Splendid!" he said. "You should certainly get results after all that work."

He allowed his eyes to rest approvingly on her face. There was a kind of elfin charm about her that he found difficult to define or to resist. And





when the conversation strayed from dancing, as it occasionally did, he found her surprisingly intelligent and well-informed. Of late, too, her piquant face and shiny eyes had a tendency to haunt his dreams, but each time he thought of her with a warmer feeling than the teacher-student relationship would justify, he sternly repressed the thought. For, seriously, he could not imagine a lasting comradeship with anyone so deficient in all sense of rhythm as she seemed to be. For dancing was the very breath of life to him, and always had been as long as he could remember.

He went over to the electric phonograph and turned on the switch. The music began to pulse through the room. Half-dreamily he noticed how the sun sifting through the Venetian blinds brought out the golden highlights in her hair and accentuated the delicacy of her face.

But in an instant the charm was broken, for suddenly her arms became as stiff as a wooden soldier's, and as he attempted to lead her through the right turn of the waltz she essayed some sort of weird convolutions hitherto unknown to the modern dance, lost her balance, and grabbed frantically at his coat lapel. His hastily outthrust hand saved her just in time from doing a nose-dive toward the floor.

"Oh, I'm sorry," she apologized breathlessly. "I'm afraid I didn't exactly get that step."

"No. Not exactly," he agreed. Mentally he underscored the remark as an understatement. "But seriously, Miss Dean, before we proceed further, I wonder if you have ever considered taking up something—er—well—safer, as an indoor pastime? Table-tennis, for example, or bridge, or, well, say, knitting. I'm sure you'd find them much less strenuous—"

"I know I'm a discouraging pupil," she admitted ruefully, "but you know what your advertisement says, 'Lend us your feet and we will teach you to dance'—"

"Very well. It was only a suggestion. Now suppose we start again from the beginning—"

Mercifully, he was interrupted by the buzzing of the house 'phone. One of the exhibition dance teams he was coaching urgently requested his presence in the main office for a few moment's consultation.

Leaving instructions for Susie to practice by herself until he returned, Ray started for the office. The business was completed in a shorter time than he expected, and as he returned to the studio he noticed that Susie had changed the record; she had substituted for the simple rhythm of the American music the complicated harmonies of a Viennese waltz.

Wondering what her purpose could be, he drew aside the portieres and entered the studio. She was dancing with her back to him, weaving in and out of the complexities of the movement with the grace and delicacy of a

Tanagra figurine suddenly come to life. It was a professional performance if he ever saw one.

“And you wanted me to teach you to dance!” he exclaimed involuntarily. “What was it—a practical joke of some kind—or were you doing it on a bet?”

She turned a startled face toward the doorway. “It was neither,” she answered. “You see, my real name is Susie Dean Mainwaring.” She uttered the name casually, but he recognized it as that of the American dancer who had been such a sensational success in Europe. “When war scares got so bad abroad,” she continued in answer to his questioning glance, “and when they started ordering all the Americans out of Europe, I decided to come home and open a studio. But I had no idea of how to deal with beginners. You see, I’ve been dancing—oh, almost ever since I could walk. So I thought that if I pretended I was just learning to dance, I could watch your methods of teaching and learn how to deal with difficult pupils—”

“You know, I ought to be angry with you for tricking me,” he said, “but as a matter of fact, I’m very much relieved.” As he spoke he took her in his arms and began to dance. She followed his lead with an effortless grace. And they both knew suddenly, wordlessly, but with complete certainty, that this was the beginning of a two-step that would not end with the music.

## The Race of the Flames

By Peggy Winfield

It is stirring to watch the brisk flames in a race;  
Up the chimney like horses they’re taking their place;  
In an effort to reach and be first to their goal  
With a roar, o’er and o’er, up and up, how they roll.

They are off! Hear the pop of the gun!  
On the mark!

With a leap, neck and neck, see their hoofs how  
they spark.

Now I hear in the distance the hum of their drive  
As they strain at the bit in their zeal to arrive.

All is still on the hearth, now the flames had their race.  
Every spark’s disappeared; they have slowed up  
their pace

And are lost in the darkness. The embers are low  
As the heat dies away with a lingering glow.



# Alack and Alas!

By Peggy Hamner



It happened fairly recently. The evening which I had hoped would be a memorable one for other reasons will never be forgotten, I am afraid. There I was, dressed from head to heels in my costliest and best, hoping that glamour exuded from me as a fragrance.

There was he, the man of the moment, thrilling as the first day in spring. We started off, and the future looked as rosy as a bowl of cherries.

We went to all of the new places, none of the usual crowd, just we. There was a fireplace, and I, oh bitter irony, insisted on sitting in front of it. We talked for ages and ages in that desultory, dreamy way people have of talking when they are content. Inside me, my heart was purring like a well fed cat.

As we talked, we were looking at the fire, and not at each other, except for out-of-the-eye glances which I hoped he had not noticed.

Then he said, "You know, one of the things I like best about you is that you are so natural looking. You don't use all that stuff that other girls smear themselves up with."

I thought to myself I must be a better artist than I thought I was, and beamed, waiting for more. Then he turned and looked at me with that stardust look, which suddenly became startled, then amused, then hysterical. He broke into a loud guffaw, not a companionable chuckle or even a plain laugh, but an unmistakably boorish guffaw. I started back, puzzled and a little hurt.

"Just look," he snorted. "Take a mirror and just look at yourself!"

I pulled out my mirror and did so. Down the sides of my face were two dark, dark lines. My "natural" black eyelashes had run. "Oh death, where is thy sting?"

# Circumstantial Evidence

By Anne Pollard

“SURE and I’m sick and tired of walkin’ up an’ down, back’ard and for’ard,” said Michael Guilfoyle, police officer who patrolled the territory along the river bank between Campbell’s Bridge and Lee street in the city of Ripplemead. “Nuttin’ excitin’ ever . . . Sakes alives, what’s that?”

The fat policeman toddled to the bank of the river and caught the ghostly white shape that had so abruptly attracted his attention. “By all the Greek gods, it’s a negro girl!” he exclaimed, his usually flushed face blanched. “By golly, I’d better call the sergeant!” He ran as fast as his fat legs would take him to the nearest call box.

In less than fifteen minutes a police car, sirens shrieking, rolled up near the call-box. Sergeant O’Shea stepped out, followed by the coroner. He hastened to the frightened Guilfoyle.

“Quick man, where’s the body?” he asked excitedly.

“Follow me, sir, she—er—it’s right over here,” said Guilfoyle.

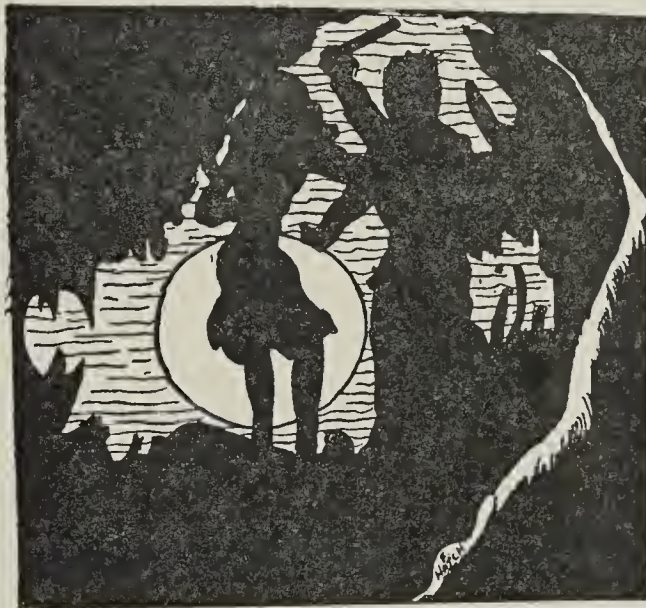
The sergeant followed, walking with a quick, swinging stride, completely oblivious to the sting of the bushes as they snapped back into place. Never was the sergeant more happy than when he was on a good, gang murder case.

“There, sir,” exclaimed Guilfoyle, pointing dramatically.

The sergeant rushed over. He straightened immediately with the look of a disappointed child on his face. “Why she’s only been drowned,” he said in a flat voice.

“Let me see.” The coroner hastened over. He bent over the body. “Yes, drowned all right,” he affirmed. “No, wait, look here! There’s a wound on the back of her head. Sergeant, I would say, unofficially of course, that you have a case of murder on your hands!”

The police searched day and night for clues. They found the spot where the woman’s death had occurred. Witnesses were obtained who had





seen the girl, now positively identified as Lavinia Odell, in the company of Willie Grogan. To their dismay, Willie had disappeared. Finally through the ingenious underground grapevine of the police he was apprehended and returned for trial.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Hear ye, hear ye! The Corporations Court is now in session. All persons having business before this honorable court come forward and you shall be heard. The case before the court is 'The Commonwealth versus Willie Grogan'," shouted the pompous court officer.

The stern, serious judge then gave instructions to the jury. Then he said gravely, "The commonwealth's attorney will please state what it is the State seeks to prove."

The commonwealth's attorney, a tall, distinguished-looking man, veteran of many a trial, arose and began his opening statement. "Your honor, gentlemen of the jury: It is a difficult task for me to demand that this man, in the very prime of life, should pay the penalty of that life to the State. But, gentlemen, did this same man hesitate to spare the life of Lavinia Odell? No, he did not stop an instant! You think I am assuming too much when I saw that Willie Grogan killed Lavinia Odell? No, I am not. I shall prove to you that he murdered her in cold blood, because he was tired of her and wanted to get her out of the way so he could break the heart of another innocent girl.

"Gentlemen, about a half-mile from Campbell's Bridge the officers found the remains of a picnic supper. The ground showed evidences of a frantic struggle. There were blood and footprints where Lavinia tried in vain to free herself from the clutches of her murderer. Also, there was a broom stick, broken in half by a blow, which, I shall prove, was carried by Willie Grogan as a cane. In the house of George Jessup, where Willie Grogan spent the night, was a powder puff, which I shall prove belonged to Lavinia Odell. Gentlemen, the fact that Willie Grogan fled like a rat into a hole places suspicion on him, and he, alone, is the murderer. In view of this indisputable and overwhelming evidence I urge the death penalty for Willie Grogan!" The commonwealth's attorney sank into his seat.

The defense attorney calmly arose and addressed the court. "May it please the court, gentlemen of the jury. You have just heard the most excellent address of the prosecution. You listened to him say that he disliked sending my client to his death. Before this trial is over, he will convince you that there is nothing he would like better than to see Willie Grogan burn to death in the electric chair for a crime he could not possibly have committed. I repeat, gentlemen, for a crime he could not possibly have committed. Because Willie Grogan did not kill Lavinia Odell. The

commonwealth's attorney claims he has evidence to prove that he did kill her. Gentlemen, circumstantial evidence is most convincing, but not infallible. For instance, ten near-sighted adults and one keen-eyed child see a person run across the snow. The ten adults take oath that it was a man, while the child asserts it was a woman. Closer examination reveals the prints of a man's shoe. The honorable prosecutor would doubtless conclude the figure to be a man. I, gentlemen, would not jump to conclusions. It could have been a woman in man's shoes, or a long-legged child. Therefore, I would examine all the motives, reasons, and psychological aspects and very soon arrive at an infallible conclusion. Precisely in this way I shall endeavor to prove to you with psychological facts and direct evidence that my client, Willie Grogan, is innocent of the crime of which he is accused."

This was the young defense attorney's first important case. He liked Grogan, who had often done odd jobs for him, and was determined to win. He was worried as he resumed his seat. His case seemed rather thin.

The court officer called the first witness in his booming voice. "Dr. Timothy Dunn, take the stand."

A tall, thin man walked up to the stand and faced the court. The bailiff murmured incoherently, "You do solemnly swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God?"

"I do," answered the doctor, quietly. He mounted the stand.

The commonwealth's attorney, Elliot Dallas, walked to the witness stand and asked, "Dr. Dunn, were you called on the night of July 6, when the body of Lavinia Odell was discovered?"

"Yes," he replied. "I was called by Sergeant O'Shea."

"What would you say was the cause of her death?" asked Dallas.

"It was caused by a heavy blow on the back of her head. It was done by a heavy, blunt object."

Dallas held up the broom stick. "Could it have been this?"

"Quite probably. It was definitely done by something of a very similar shape," answered Dr. Dunn.

"Do you think death could have been caused by drowning?" queried Dallas.

"No, there was not sufficient water in her lungs," answered Dunn.

"That's all, doctor," said Dallas. "Cross-examine."

The young defense attorney, Tony Carver, strode up to the stand, with his hands in his pockets. "Dr. Dunn," he asked, "at what time did death occur?"

"At approximately six o'clock," replied the coroner. Tony was disconcerted. Willie had no alibi for six o'clock.



Then he asked, "Could the death blow have been received by the head striking against an object instead of being struck?"

"Yes, indeed," answered the doctor, "positively."

"That's all; thank you, doctor," said Carver, smiling triumphantly.

As the case progressed, it looked worse and worse for Grogan. Witnesses were brought forth by the prosecution to prove that Willie and Lavinia had been "going together" for quite some time. Delia Turner, self-designated "best girl friend" of the deceased, said that Lavinia was very much in love with Grogan and intended to marry him. She also identified the powder puff found in the fireplace as belonging to Lavinia. Several witnesses testified that the broomstick was carried by Willie as a cane. A grocer identified Willie as a regular customer. He said that Willie had come in on July the sixth and had bought some food and a bottle of whiskey. He remembered it because Willie was such a sober negro.

As the days went by, Willie became more and more worried. Tony was worried, too, but he was determined to save Willie. His words were as smooth as butter, but there was war in his heart. On the fourth day of the trial he came in with a lighter air. When the court came to order, he jumped up and addressed the judge: "Your honor, will you have George Washington Jessup called to the stand?"

A shabby, shiftless negro shambled up to the stand, took oath, and settled back in the witness chair.

"George, where do you think that powder puff found in your fireplace came from?" asked Carver.

The prosecutor jumped to his feet. "I object! What witness thinks is incompetent, irrelevant, and immaterial."

Jessup arose angrily. "He cain't call me dat."

Tony placated the enraged man, explaining what he meant.

"Objection overruled," stated the judge. "The witness will reply."

"Yas-suh, Boss," answered Jessup. "Ma missus and me, we wuz walkin' down by de river and seen it lyin' dere on the bank with a lot of other things. Ma missus thought it was pretty and picked it up. She decided later dat she didn't want it and threw it in de fireplace."

"Cross-examine," said Tony to Elliott Dallas triumphantly.

Dallas shrugged his shoulders. "No cross-examination."

Tony said, "Call Professor Randolph Phipps."

Phipps was a fidgety, round-shouldered little man with an absent-minded air. In reply to Carver's question as to what he had seen on July the sixth, he said, "I was standing on Campbell's Bridge looking for a rare bird for scientific data. I was looking through binoculars when I saw a man and woman fighting on the river bank. The woman had a decided

advantage. She picked up a big stick and broke it over his head. He fell back, apparently stunned. The woman appeared to go mad. She ran about wildly, tearing her hair and jumped into the river."

After the professor had left the stand, Tony had Grogan sworn in. Grogan, his face plainly showing strain, limped up to the stand. His hand trembled as he was sworn in.

"Willie, tell us in your own words exactly what happened," said Tony.

"Well, suh, Lavinia came up to me and said, 'Willie, let's have a picnic supper dis afternoon.' I went down to the store and bought some things. I got some likker, 'counta she liked it so. I met her about fo' o'clock and we went down to the river. Lavinia was makin' up to me the whole time we was there. After we had ate, she said to me, 'Willie, let's get married.' I began to see that's what she had been after all the time. I told her I couldn't marry her. She said, 'You mean you **won't** marry me!'

"Then I told her I was already married. Suh, I ain't never seen a woman so mad. She cursed and swore, called me bad names, and said I had just been stringin' her along. She was powerful drunk, too. Then she jumped at me and grabbed my cane. I tried to get it away, but she hit me over de haid. Then the blood came and ran all down my clothes. Everything went blank. The next think I remember, I saw her standing by the bank." Overcome by emotion, he covered his face with his hands. In a moment he resumed, "She looked like a wild woman! She was screaming and tearing her hair. I tried to grab her, but before I could, she jumped into de river. She must have hit her head on a rock 'cause the water was all bloody. I was powerful scared; so I ran away." Then Grogan broke completely and was led away.

After Willie had left the stand, there was a babble of excited voices in the courtroom. "Silence in the court," bellowed the judge.

The jury retired to determine the verdict. The air in the courtroom was electric with suppressed excitement, which reached its peak as the twelve jurymen filed in. The foreman arose and pronounced the verdict.

"We, the jury, find Willie Grogan —**not guilty!**"



# To Look on Nature

By Wirt Wills

## Communion

I stood upon a windy hill  
And felt the breezes cool my brow.  
I felt complete contentment fill  
My soul; I knew not why nor how.  
  
I gazed upon the scene below  
Of peace and calm divine. The wind  
In pines was whispering sweet and low  
A song of quiet peace of mind.  
  
The Maker's presence then I felt.  
My heart was full of joy profound.  
Upon the windy hill I knelt—  
In nature God's communion found.

## Spring

In the woods, in the rivers, by brook and by stream,  
In the forests, on mountains new life's agleam.  
All the fish in the waters, the birds on the wing.  
By their play and their song are heralds of spring.  
  
As I wake at the dawn, a challenge I fling,  
A challenge to gloom at the coming of spring.  
The fields and the meadows are calling to me;  
My heart says I'm happy, my soul says I'm free.  
  
Then I wander astray, over hill, over dale  
And come to rest by a tarn in a vale.  
On the mossy banks where cares may all cease,  
I lay myself down to the slumber of peace.

## The Fairy Queen

Spring is a fairy queen;  
Her crown is the sky of blue  
A dress of purest green  
Enhances her charms anew.  
  
The radiant sun is her smile;  
Her voice the whispering breeze,  
That softly all the while  
Whispers low in the trees.

# Cassie May's Mis'ry

By Kathleen Rahily



HE steady whining roar of stemming machines filled the room as some huge monster might, after having repleted his hunger, lay down to snore noisily in his sleep.

Above the din came the shrill bark of the white foreman, "Spread 'um out, girls! Watcha feedin'! Spread 'um out good, girls." Walking along the aisle he continued to call out to the colored girls on each machine who were feeding the leaves of tobacco onto the conveyor belts. Meanwhile he examined



the stems to make sure that all the tobacco was being removed from them.

As the foreman passed, a young "high yellow" stepped down from her bench and came up to him. "Mister Henneson, I'm sick; kin I go home?"

Mr. Henderson looked at her for a moment before replying. "Have you been up to the nurse yet?"

"No suh, nurse won't do me no good."

"How do you know she won't? You ain't sick anyway; you jes' gotta date with your boy frien', and besides, this is Friday and you're burning up to go out and spend the money you jes' now drew."

"Naw suh! Naw suh; I works hawd and I don't do no runnin' roun'; I'se sick."

"Well, what's wrong with you?"

"I gotta mis'ry in my stomach."

"Gosh, that's bad; maybe I better send for an ambulance."

"Mister Henneson, I ain't no fooling. I wanna go home."

"Well, you ain't going 'till you go up to the nurse. Here, take this slip to her, and if you don't feel better come back to me and I'll let you go home."

Dutifully taking the slip Cassie May walked with leaden steps to the infirmary and after taking some medicine the nurse gave her, went back



to work—but not for long. Seeing the foreman at the other end of the room she again left her bench and approached him with the most woe-begone expression she could muster.

When she got near him, the man turned around and saw her. “Well, what is it now? Don’t you feel better? Lissen, Cassie May, nobody in the world could be as sick as you look ’thout being in the undertaker’s hands.”

“Mister Henneson, I can’t make it; please lemme go home.”

“All right, if you’re sure you can’t make it; go ahead and come back Monday if you feel better. But lissen, I better not hear of you going out with some no ’count shine and getting drunk or anything.”

“Who, me? I ain’t got no boy frien’ and I ain’t never drank a drap of whiskey in my life.”

“Yes, I know, nobody ever drinks anything, but the likker stores do a heck of a lot of business. Wonder what they do with all that likker?”

“I don’t know, suh, but you kin ast anybody, they’ll tell you I don’t drink no whiskey—maybe a glass of beer now and then.”

“Well, go ahead, hope you feel better soon. Good night.”

“Thank you, Mister Henneson. Good night.”

Leaving the factory, Cassie May walked as if each step would be her last until she reached the corner, then casting a quick glance around to make sure no one was looking, she almost ran to the young brown-skinned negro who was waiting for her, and arm in arm they strode blithely down the street.

## A Prayer

By Lois Phelps

I thank you, God, for everything:  
For the sun, the moon, and the flowers,  
For the day, the night, and the birds that sing,  
For all the joys that are ours.

For parents, home, and loving care,  
For rest, and work, and play,  
For all the friendships that we share  
At home or far away.

I thank you for the right to live.  
For happiness and sorrow;  
But best of all, the chance you give  
To start afresh tomorrow.

By Betty Burgess

## A Lost Soul

A footsore traveler plods on his way  
Alone and forsaken in this day.  
His shoes are worn, his garments torn;  
Torn by a storm which left him forlorn  
In a wilderness wild with wicked woes  
Whence the breeze of sweet belief ne'er blows.

He wandered once, so young and bold;  
His body's now young; his spirit's grown old.  
He falters for the path he left;  
Of hope and trust he's now bereft;  
A raindrop darling, vainly calling  
A mother cloud to stop its falling.

## Country Home

How can folks be carefree and gay  
Where life rushes on in such a mad way,  
With the clatter of traffic and honk of horn,  
And noises constant from dark till dawn?  
Just give me the country where I was born.

The atmosphere is pure and sweet;  
In fields are rows so even and neat;  
Spring's birds are bursting with beautiful song;  
The sun slowly slips through the trees beyond  
As the rippling river rolls along.

My home's not the finest that I have known;  
Its walls are not fashioned from brick or stone;  
It sports no brilliant gilded dome,  
But forever I'll feel wherever I roam  
That there's no place dearer to me than home.



## Faith

This day will pass, this day of greed,  
Of strife and hate that's grown from seed  
Sown years ago in the souls of men.  
The world is mistaken now as then  
In thinking that peace comes from making hearts bleed.

We must have faith that these clouds will lift;  
A vision we'll see beyond the rift,  
A world of tolerance and peace  
Where right will reign and trouble cease.  
Into such thoughts our minds must drift.

We must have love for the pure and good,  
Faith in an intellectual food,  
A new foundation strong and free  
Where we may all united be  
In love and a common brotherhood.

## Fox Chase

On a cold winter morning the huntsmen arrive;  
They are filled with excitement and glee for a chase.  
Their red coats are flashing; the landscape's alive  
With the stomping of horses impatience to race.

There's a clicking of spurs as the hunters all ride;  
And the leader sounds out on his horn a shrill blast,  
While the hounds, wildly barking, leap up to his side.  
With a whoop and a yell the hunt's on at last.

Then the fox in the thicket jumps out with a rush,  
And he runs for his life to an old hollow log;  
For he knows it's not safe just to cringe in the brush  
While the dogs in full cry still race on through the bog.

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